THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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Single copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you stop it you must. None but scalawags do both. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

THE LATEST NEWS AND BEST!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky ones, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS, GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,
which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 50 cents each. Also for sale, the
BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional warehouse, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and buyers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially those from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious store for the free use of all who may wish to put up for any kind. Thankful for past favors and hopeful of many future ones I remain as ever.

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, Oct 3, 1879.

Observe This!---Preserve This!

No Agents Employed. Bought Direct from Headquarters. Saved Commission.

THE CRY ALL OVER THE COUNTRY IS THAT GOODS HAVE ADVANCED AND THAT they cannot now be bought low enough to be sold at the same prices as last year; but if you will call at **Chas. Simon's New Clothing Depot, Altoona, Pa.**, it will be made manifest to you that wearing apparel at least can be sold much cheaper than ever before, as the following figures will clearly demonstrate:

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Overcoats, heavy, at	$ 2.25	Men's Suits, for business wear, at	5.25
Overcoats, Meds, at	3.00	Men's Suits, for fine dress, at	5.75
Overcoats, Chinchilla, at	4.25	Men's Suits, for fine dress, at	6.25
Overcoats, heavy Chinchilla, at	5.50	Men's Suits, very fine, at	$6.50 and 12.15
Overcoats, heavy Beavers, at	6.00	Men's Suits, the cream of, at	$11.25, $12.50 and 13.50
Overcoats, finer grades, up to	20.00	Men's Heavy Coats, at	$4.50, $5.00 and 7.00
Children's Jersey and serviceable, at	1.50	Youths' Suits, the cheapest and nicest assortment in the city.	
Children's finer and better, at	2.50	Boys' Suits, of all textures and prices, and guaranteed the cheapest in the city.	
Children's neat and nobby, at	2.75		

PANTALOON DEPARTMENT.

Heavy Jean Pantaloons, at	75c. and 90c.	Men's Pantaloons, various styles, from $1.50 to $4.	
Fine Cassimere Pantaloons, at	$1.25	A fine assortment of spring-bottom Pantaloons, in prices ranging from $1.50 to $4.75.	
Fine Cassimere Pantaloons, at	1.75	Vests from 25c. up.	
Fine Broadcloth Pantaloons, at	2.50	THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF PANTALOONS IN THE CITY.	
Fine Cassimere Pantaloons, at	2.75		

HAT AND CAP DEPARTMENT.—Wool Hats at 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.25; Stiff Wool Hats at 50c., 65c., 85c., $1.00 and $1.25; Fur Hats at 50c., 95c., $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00 and $3.50. Fine Stiff Fur Hats at $1.75, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00; Boys' and Youths' Hats from 25c. to $1.75. THE LARGEST STOCK, LATEST STYLES AND LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT.—Good Colored Dress Shirts at 35c.; Fine Shirts at 50c.; Fine White Shirts at 75c.; Better White Shirts at 75c.; Very Good White Shirts at $1.00; Best White Shirts at $1.50; Unlaundried Shirts at 25c., 35c., and 50c.; Undershirts and Drawers, all sizes, and at 25c. each; Red Flannel Shirts at 75c., $1.25 and $1.50 each; Men's Collars, &c., &c., 10c., 12½c., 15c., 20c., 25c. and 50c.; Wool Hose, 8c., 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c. and 35c.

☞*Largest and Cheapest Stock of Trunks and Valises in the City.*

☞Persons in city and country wishing to test the truth or the above assertions in relation to our goods and prices are respectfully invited to call at

Charles Simon's New Clothing Depot,
In St. Christ's Building, in rear of P. R. R. Passenger Depot.
Corner 11th Avenue and 13th Street, - - ALTOONA, PA.

ROCHESTER CLOTHING.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING
now displayed in Altoona is now ready for inspection in unsurpassable elegance and unequalled variety at
GODFREY WOLF'S
POPULAR PIONEER
FASHION EMPORIUM!
AS TO QUALITY, NEATNESS, DURABILITY AND FIT, THE
ROCHESTER MAKE OF CLOTHING
is easily the best in the market, while its stock and prices we defy competition.
NO HOUSE IN BLAIR COUNTY CAN COMPARE WITH OUR'S.
Don't fail before investing in a new suit to call and inspect the goods at
GODFREY WOLF'S UNRIVALLED CLOTHING BAZAAR,
Twelfth Street, Next Door to the Postoffice, Altoona, Pa.
October 3, 1879.—tf. G. WOLF, Proprietor.

FALL AND WINTER SEASON.

CHEAPEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN ALTOONA.

NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF
MEN'S AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING,
AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
at Actual Rock Bottom Cash Prices!

Fine Suits $12.25 up; Overcoats from $2.50 up; Pants from 75 cents up; Dress Shirts from 75 cents up. Our immense stock of clothing, hats, caps, boots and shoes, and furnishing goods at prices equally cheap. We are determined to sell goods 20 or 25 per cent. cheaper than other dealers, because that would be the most successful way to do business, and people are not so ignorant now-a-days as to believe any such humbug; but I guarantee successful by any man in the business.

M. WOLF,
RAILROAD CLOTHING HOUSE,
1127 Eleventh Avenue, below Bowman & Morrow's, Altoona, Pa.

PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR
IT IS PERFECT. Used by all dairymen who have tried it. Sold by druggists everywhere. Use your own. Manufactured by WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

PIANOS and ORGANS!

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN PENN'A.

Having recently accepted the General Agency for Central Pennsylvania (in addition to our old territory), with headquarters and

LARGE STORE ROOM AT 1404 ELEVENTH AVE. ALTOONA,
IN CHARGE OF MR. GEORGE W. GOOD,

And being desirous of extending our already immense sales of the most celebrated and most desirable

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever introduced to a music-loving public, we respectfully invite all who are desirous of purchasing a

First-Class Instrument
OF EITHER KIND TO GIVE US A CALL.

WE SELL NO PIANO OR ORGAN
THAT WE CANNOT FULLY WARRANT, AND BEING THE
Largest Dealers in the State
OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

Our House was established in 1831 in Pittsburgh, where we will continue at No. 75 Fifth Avenue.

Instruments Sold on Small Monthly Payments.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

PIANOS { Haines Brothers. / WEBER. / NEWTON & CO. } ORGANS { PALACE. / STERLING. / Mason & Hamlin.

GEO. W. GOOD,
1404 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

MELLOR & HENRICKS,
79 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
[6-27.] [6m.]

S. B. CORN & CO., ALTOONA.

Grand Opening
—OF—
CLOTHING! CLOTHING!
HATS AND CAPS! HATS AND CAPS!
Furnish'g Goods, &c.,
For Gents, Youths Boys and Children.

ONE PRICE AND FAIR DEALING IN ALL CASES!

☞The above Goods are entirely new and guaranteed the finest, best and cheapest in the city. Call and examine.

S. B. CORN & CO.,
1307 Eleventh Avenue, ALTOONA, PA

S. B. CORN & CO., ALTOONA.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
Largest and Cheapest Stock of
Dry and Dress Goods,
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING and COOKING STOVES
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.
☞CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.—tf.

A Large and Elegant Stock of
MILLINERY GOODS
—AND—
NOTIONS OF ALL KIND,
Just received and opened for the inspection of the
Ladies of Ebensburg and Vicinity,
AT MISS M. E. DAVIS'
EMPORIUM OF FASHION,
In E. J. Humphrey's Building.
JULIAN STREET, EBENSBURG.
☞The ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine goods and prices, which cannot be excelled for beauty, variety and cheapness. [11-7.-2m.*]

STRAY SHEEP.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Clearfield township, about the middle of October last, one ewe and two lambs. Whoever has spoken of one ear and a notch in the other; one lamb has a piece off one ear, and the other lamb has horns. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away; failing in which, they will be disposed of according to law. WM. BAKER.
Clearfield Twp., Dec. 12, 1879.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of John Buck, Administrator, &c., of Peter Bertram, deceased, as shown by his first and partial account, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Monday, January 19th, 1880, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon*, when and where they must attend, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 19, 1879.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of Sylvester Byrne, Executor of the last will and testament of James Byrne, deceased, as shown by his third partial account, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, January 13th, 1880, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon*, when and where they must attend, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 19, 1879.—3t.

Iron City College
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Exclusively devoted to the practical education of young and middle aged men for active business life. School always in session. Students can enter at any time. Send for circular.
[9-26.-3m.] J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—I offer for sale or rent my FARM, located near Portage, Cambria county. On the Farm is a good House and a good Barn, with good Water-power. The Farm contains 100 acres, under fence, and is situate along the line of the Munster and Wilmore road.
For terms, apply to the undersigned, at Portage at any time, or at Ebensburg during the December session of Court. JOSEPH ITEL.
Nov. 21, 1879.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.—Notice is hereby given that the annual election of Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria County will be held at their office in Ebensburg, on *Monday, January 12 1880*, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Dec. 12, 1879.—4t.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to Ag'nts. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

CHRISTMAS AT MUD FLAT.

BY LEANDER P. RICHARDSON.

She had been in camp four days. Where she came from, why she came, or who she was, no one could tell. But she was in camp, and had come to stay there was no doubt. She was quiet, modest and simply clad—three qualities which commended her to the residents of Mud Flat as a change from the ordinary run of females who from time to time invaded the precincts of that classic settlement.

Nor were these the only points which had been noted by the boys. As Andy McCorkle had gallantly handed her from the lower step of his mud-bespattered coach to the portico of the hotel everybody saw that she clung convulsively to the little child whose arms were twined about her neck. They observed, also, that her features were pale and bloodless to an extent that was almost pitiful. By that delicate intuition which sometimes exists under the roughest exteriors, the sturdy miners of Mud Flat understood that the strange lady was suffering from mental as well as physical illness. Their sympathy was aroused in her behalf from that instant, and every man in the place immediately constituted himself her champion and friend.

A day later, when she had rented a cabin near the outskirts of town without disclosing to any one her intentions for the future or the story of the past, their interest was increased, and they began to show their friendship in substantial ways. A great heap of firewood was mysteriously deposited within easy reach the first night. Bags of flour, quantities of coffee and sugar a whole ham, and a quarter of fresh venison likewise made there appearance from some unexplained source the third morning.

Little was seen of the recipient of these treasures, however. She had only been on the street once, and then only to purchase a few necessary articles Upon that occasion she met the reverential gaze of a score of loungers, and turned her head away, pretending not to see, when the jovial Bill Carter smuggled a huge package of candy into the child's capacious pocket. But aside from that she had remained hidden from view, and the miners knew as little about her on the fourth day as they had on the first.

The 23d of December was unusually cold, even for that locality. As the frozen moon came up over a distant crag, cutting with chilly hands the dusky gloom, one might have fancied that he had suddenly been transplanted into the Arctic region. The ground was covered with a thin layer of snow, which glistened like burnished silver in the pale light. Here and there along the sides of the gulch giant pines, standing like ghostly sentinels, threw spectral shadows across the white expanse. The roar of Potato creek, wrapped in the icy arms of winter, was subdued to a tiny, muffled trickling. And the wind, gently sighing through the passes, played Æolian melodies among the needles of pine and tassels of hemlock.

In the main apartment of the Magnolia saloon, a party of the boys were sitting around a table, upon which steamed a large bowl, emitting a fragrant and aromatic odor.

"Whoever she mought be," observed a tall and rather angular personage known to his companions as Long Tom Rollins—"whoever she mought be, she's alone, barrin' thet kid, and unprotected besides. She's sickly, too, and orter hev a doctor. This ain't no sort of a place for a—a inverlid," he concluded, hesitatingly, removing his heavy boot from the table, and helping himself to a liberal allowance of the punch. Then, after a pause, he continued, "I wonder what ails the critter, anyhow?"

"A man's at the bottom of it, gentlemen, you hear me," observed Judge Gashwilder from the other side of the table, nodding conviction at each of his hearers in turn. "Take my word for it there's a man in it, as ther allers is in any devilthy as robs some poor woman's cheek of its bloom and her eye of its light."

The Judge was eloquent at all times. But when his round pate glistened from the effects of good punch, and his theme was woman, he was thought by the men of Mud Flat to have few equals. Therefore the little party seated around the table was considerably startled when, just as their favorite orator had thrust his right hand into his breast as a preparatory gesture leading to a more extended tribute to the sex, Long Tom Rollins leaned forward and exclaimed:

"See here, old man. How do *you* know all this?"

For a moment everybody was aghast. Whether they were astonished at the suddenness of the interruption, or at the half-savage tone of the speaker, or whether it occurred to them that the Judge might possibly have so far over-stepped the bounds of prudence as to have attempted "pumping" the interesting stranger, may never be known. But it is certain that they were astounded into silence. Even Judge Gashwilder was observed to lose his usual presence of mind. For an instant his naturally serene countenance wore an expression which in another would have been mistaken for guilt. If the confidence which the others had always placed in him was a trifle shaken at that instant, it was quickly restored when, after a moment's hesitation, the old gentleman explained his peculiar position.

"You see, gentlemen," he said, gradually resuming the attitude from which he had been surprised by the abrupt speech above quoted, "I was prowlin' round her cabin last night, when all of a sudding I heered voices inside. The door was open a leetle bit, and by standin' where I was I couldn't miss a syllarbul. I will here explain," he continued, thrusting his red bandana handkerchief into his breast, as was his wont when speaking publicly, "that I was there for the purpose of findin' out, if possible, whether the gal was in need of anything that I could help her to."

"Which accounts," observed a bystander "for that chicking which was hung up alongside the door when I came by this mornin'."

"I heered her talkin' with the kid," continued Judge Gashwilder, not noticing the interruption, "and I couldn't help lissenen. As near as I could make out, the talk was like this:

"'When shall we see papa?'

"'Heaven knows, my baby. We have sought him long, and when God is ready He will restore him to us.'

"'Is Crismas comin' soon, mamma?'

"'Yes, baby, darling. But there won't be no presents for my little one this time. We are away from home and poor. But when we find papa we will go where there are lots of pretty things and then baby shall have plenty.'"

Here the Judge leaned forward and whispered in a mysterious voice, telling his companions that he had heard the mother repeat to the child the sad story of how her father had gone West four years ago to seek his fortune; how for two years his letters, containing money for her support, had come like rays of sunshine through the clouds; how they had suddenly stopped, and no answers were received to her agonized appeals; how for two more years she had supposed him dead; how, at last, the Postmaster in the little village where she lived had, upon his dying-bed, confessed to having stolen the letters from her husband, so as to get the money they contained, and suppressed her missives to him, for fear of discovery; and how she had started out with her little one to find her lost husband, who had been last heard from in Mud Flat.

All this the Judge told to the few friends he could trust, speaking in a whisper, lest the precious secret should be passed to others in the room.

"And now," he added, resuming his rhetorical attitude and voice, "I axes you as gentleman and representatives of Mud Flat chivalry, shall this gal and her kid, being too poor to have a Christmas of her own—shall they go without it, or not? Remember, gentlemen, that kid is the first one as ever came into this place, and p'raps she's our luck. Let us nurtur her, my friends, and let us show her mother thet we ain't so lost in virtoo an' principle as not to appreciate it when we hev a good woman and a innercent kid among us. Let us give 'em a Christmas. I will now perceed to head the subscription."

So saying the gallant old man moved the punch bowl to one side, and emptied the contents of his breeches pocket upon the table. Others followed suit, and when the last man had placed his contribution there the pile contained a goodly sum.

"Now, gentlemen, some one of us has got to take the money, ride to Denver, and spend it for 'em. Who shall it be?"

"Let me be your agent," responded a deep bass voice.

Turning, they saw a tall stranger standing near by, who had just entered in time to hear the judge's call for contributions. One or two in the room recognized him as a miner who had come in from the diggings that afternoon, having found it too cold to work longer in the mountains.

They were inclined to resent the interference of an outsider, and probably would not have heeded his request had he not spoken a second time. Drawing near the table, he said:

"Gentleman, I was once a married man myself, but my wife, God bless her is dead. For the love I bear her memory, for the affection I have toward the remembrance of my little one buried with her, I ask you to let me aid in this matter."

The sadness in his voice and face was so sincere, and the utility of sending a man who had "been thar, and knowed what wimmen folks would like" presented itself so favorably to the miners that with but little hesitation they allowed him to do as he wished.

In an hour he was gone, and the settlement was lost in speculation as to what he would bring back for the strange lady and her child.

The morning of Dec. 25 dawned crisp and cold. The fresh, biting air of the mountains raced among the trees right merrily, whisking the snow into little wreaths, and frolicking among the branches with real holiday gayety. It was nearly noon when the stranger rode into camp, loaded with bundles. At the Magnolia he met an eager crowd of miners, who, headed by Judge Gashwilder, were soon on the road to the strange lady's cabin. Arrived there, they felt a sudden hesitation about entering. It was like intruding upon some sacred ground, and they were almost tempted to deposit their bundles upon the threshold and fly.

"You take the stuff," said the Judge to the stranger, "and go in fust. You've bin familiar with wimmen, and know how to handle 'em. We'll wait outside."

But the stranger felt the same hesitation. Perhaps his long absence from feminine society made him bashful. Perhaps a thought of the memory he revered caused him to hold back.

Finally the Judge consented to take the lead, and, doffing his hat, knocked softly. The door was opened by the child, who bade him enter. Beside the fire sat the mother, who rose to meet them. All passed in but the stranger, who stood outside.

"Marm," said the Judge, who somehow had lost his usual ease of speech and gesture, "we—that is, the citizens of Mud Flat—has come to wish you a merry Christmas, and to offer you these few tokings of our respeck an' esteem."

Having thus delivered himself, the old gentleman deposited the bundles on the table, and stood beaming serenely on all his companions. The strange lady, completely overcome by this unexpected kindness, could not find words to reply for a moment. Then, in a broken voice she said:

"This is a glad moment of my sorrowful life. You are good, kind men, and I know God will repay your generosity to the widow and fatherless. I—"

She stopped suddenly and stood with blanched cheeks and distended eyes, staring toward the door. The miners turned and beheld the stranger, who, with a great stride forward, and a cry expressing the wildest joy, caught the woman in his arms.

They stood thus, heart pressed to heart, and lips to lips for an instant.—Then the stranger turned his eyes devoutly toward the ceiling.

"Thank Gad," he murmured gently, "the wife I had supposed to be dead is restored to me."

The miners stole softly away, and left the stranger standing thus, with his arms tenderly twined about the woman of his love, and the little child clinging fondly to his knees.

The air was balmy outside; the sun shone with ineffable sweetness upon the scene; a bluejay screamed his delight from a neighboring tree, and the wind played a joyful tune among the rocks.

Christmas had come to Mud Flat.

THE "Flying Dutchman" is the name given by sailors to a spectral ship imagined to cruise in storms off the Cape of Good Hope under full sail, when all honest vessels are fain to try bare poles. What the fact was from which this strange fancy had been distilled is a matter of dispute; but out of some actual incident it has probably grown and "when the dark scud comes driving hard, and lowered is every topsail yard, and canvas, wove in earthly looms, no more to brave the storm presumes, then 'mid the war of sea and sky, top and topgallant hoisted high, full spread and crowded every sail, the demon frigate braves the gale."

HIS FIVE MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

A REAL TRUE STORY.

Most husbands and wives, if we may credit all they say, find it difficult to live in the same house with a mother-in-law, but 'Old Sol B——, (as he was commonly called,) of Boston, dwelt in peace and comfort for several years with five ladies bearing that relation to him.

When I first knew that old gentleman he appeared to be about fifty, but was in reality about sixty-eight, and had a charming wife who was then twenty-six, and two lovely children, a boy and a girl; one seven, the other five. His children by his first wife were all married, and some of his grandchildren were also married, and themselves had children older than Mr. B——'s two youngest.

On the first day of my visit at his pleasant home, not many miles from Boston, as I took my place at the dinner table with Mrs. B——, I was surprised to see five old ladies come into the room together and to be introduced to each of them in succession as follows: "My own mother, Mrs. B——, senior; my next mother, Mrs. Henry; my third mother, Mrs James; my fourth mother, Mrs. Williams: my fifth mother, Mrs. John."

"Mrs. B——, senior, who seemed the youngest of the old ladies, laughed aloud at my look of consternation—a melodious laugh for one of her years—and every one smiled but Mr. ——, who invoked the blessing with his usual air and led the table-talk on in different topics. That evening in the parlor young Mrs. B—— gave us some music, and the old ladies retired early, one after another, the "own mother" going last, when she was tenderly assisted up stairs by her son. On his return Mr. B——said to me with a smile of amusement:

"I see that you are, as the ladies say, dying to know what all this means. I purposely did not tell you that I have five mothers-in-law, because I always like to see the effect produced by my household on other people. You, for instance, live so differently, all alone, how do we appear to you?"

"Harmonious and happy; but I have seen you together only a very short time. What is your everyday experience?"

"Much the same, especially since my dear wife came into our household. I had all the old ladies when she arrived."

"But where did you get them all; they cannot all belong to you?"

"Yes, every one of them. I have four mothers-in-law, and as my own mother is my wife's mother-in-law, of course that makes five mothers-in-law, in our house. Now, as my wife is just going to her little one's nursery, I will tell you about my old ladies.

"When I married my first wife her mother, who was a widow, came to live with us. She was a good creature, and had seen pretty hard times, having supported herself by school teaching and sewing for several years, and she seemed to greatly enjoy my comfortable home—I was always a thriving man of business. So one day I said to her, 'Now, mother, there is no reason why you shouldn't make your home with us always while you live; you can bring your own furniture if you choose, or you need not; the room you now occupy shall be your own always, and besides what my wife may do I will give you fifty dollars a year for clothes (that was an ample sum for a woman to have all to herself in those times.) You can teach if you wish to, or do anything else to earn money if you wish to; you will always be welcome to our table and parlor, or, if you prefer, you can cook for yourself in your own room. Only one thing I will exact in return—you must never make any mischief nor quarrel with anybody in my house about anything. And if sometimes you are displeased you must go to your room and pout it out alone, and only join us again when you feel pleasant. For I won't be worried, and least of all will I have my wife worried by anybody.—Now, mother, what do you say?'

"She only said, 'You are a good man, Solomon B——, and the Almighty will reward you, and I thank you from my heart. I will do my part.'

"So I never had any trouble with her. We all lived together twenty years, and then my wife had an attack of pneumonia and died—and soon after that my own mother was left a widow and came to live with me. My mother is only sixteen years older than I am, and being so lively and smart she seemed quite like a younger sister to mother Henry, and they got on easily together. But after awhile, when the children were all about grown, I got so lonesome that I coaxed a real nice sensible lady, of Philadelphia, not handsome, but just as good as gold, to marry me. I told her all about my old ladies, and found that she had two mothers living with her, her own mother and her husband's mother. They had neither of them any property, but she owned a house and took boarders in it to support them all.

"Well, I made the same proposition to her old ladies that I had made to my mother-in-law, and they both agreed.—Then I went home and built an addition to my house and soon brought my second wife and mother there. We had some occasional pouting at first, but I always held two points without yielding—I was the master in my own house and would never let anybody worry my wife. So, pretty soon, my fore-in-hand learned to travel smoothly together.

"Ah, me! I looked forward to a happy old age with that dear wife, but in two years she was killed in a railway accident. I was with her on the train and was badly hurt, lying for weeks in a state of unconsciousness. When I recovered, my dear wife's grave was green. I felt so bad and my health was so poor that I did not care for a woman again until all my children were married and I was left alone with my four old ladies.

"Then I met a pretty little romantic widow, who was 'so sorry' for me! She wrote poetry and painted pictures and was dying all the while of consumption—that scourge of our city; and I tho't as she had a struggle to take care of herself and her husband's mother, I would smooth her passage to the grave.

"So I married her and her mother—I mean—well, you know what I mean. I treated her mother-in-law just as I did the other old ladies, and that wife lived seven years after all. I made her so happy that she adored me, and we had the sweetest baby you ever saw! Oh, what a lovely creature that child was—a little angel! She lived only three years, and then faded away. But I have several beautiful pictures of her, painted by her mother.

"And did you have no trouble with that mother-in-law?"

"Not while her daughter-in-law lived; she was always taking care of the sick child and grandchild. But when Emma was gone and all seemed quiet again, the old lady wanted to marry me."

"What! Emma's mother-in-law?"

"Yes. She was a handsome woman still, and she knew it; about my age, and no relation whatever; so she set her cap for me."

"And that made a commotion in the house?"

"Well, yes. Yes, it did. I never knew my mother to get into a real rage till then. She was mad! She told me to get right off and get a young wife—the younger the better! Then I got mad! I stormed away at all my old ladies together, threatened to break up house-keeping and turn them out upon the world, away from the pleasant home which they had enjoyed so long that they really believed to be theirs.

"Finally, I declared I would leave them in it, to fight like Kilkenny cats, while I would live at a hotel in the city. And I kept my word. I lived at one hotel after another, but always went home on Saturday night to go to church the next morning as usual, and take my old ladies for a drive in the afternoon as usual, so that the neighbors should not be gossiping about us.

"How good they were to me then.—They lived together like a nest of kittens. But my mother assured me that peace would not last long if I lived at home without a wife; so when I met a pretty little orphan girl who had not a relative in the world I told her all about my affairs, and the sweet creature with tears of pity in her eyes consented to marry me and be good to my old ladies. And she has kept her word, both in letter and spirit, and I am thankful that life has given me so many blessings!"

Just then young Mrs. B. returned, and, though I observed through the evening that her manner towards her husband was more that of a beloved and loving daughter than a wife yet she appeared more serenely happy than any woman I remember to have seen.

This story is from life, excepting that I have changed all the names. Sol B. has been dead some years; the will he left was as just and manly as his other acts.

A RICH MAN ON RICHES.—The following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars:

"Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should by particularly envied."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, you are a millionaire! Think of the thousands your income brings you every month!"

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray, can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rents they bring you?"

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why I can't eat or wear it. I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses—in fact, anything you desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire,' I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life—cannot buy back my youth—cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain—cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death; and then what will all avail when in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever." Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

WORDS THAT SOME GOOD SPELLERS MISS.—The following is an orthographical test for teachers, pupils, or other persons:

Stand up, ye teachers, now and spell,
Spell phenakistoscope and knell;
Or take some simple word, as chilly,
Or gunger, or the garden lily,
To spell such words as syllogism,
And lachrymous and synchronism,
And pentateuch and saccharine,
Apocrypha and celandine,
Lactiferous and cecity
Jejune and homeopathy,
Paralysis and Chloroform,
Rhinoceros and pachyderm,
Metempsychosis, gherkins, basque,
Is certainly no easy task.
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
Kamtchatka and despensary,
Diphthrong and erysipelas,
And etiquette and sassafras,
Infallible and ptyalism,
Allopathy and rheumatism,
And cataclysm and beleaguer,
Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer,
And hosts of other words are found
On English and on classic ground.
Thus Behring's Strait and Michaelmas,
Thermopylæ, Cordilleras,
Suite, hemorrhage, Jalap and Havana,
Cinquefoil and Ipecacuanha,
And Rappahannock, Shenandoah,
And Schuylkill and a thousand more,
Are words that some good spellers miss
In Dictionary hands like this,
Nor need one think himself a scroyle
If some of these his efforts foil,
Nor deem himself undone forever
To miss the name of either river—
The Dneiper, Seine, or Guadalquivir.

A CURIOUS STORY ABOUT A BILL.—Strange experiences sometimes overtake railroad conductors. The following is the substance of a story in the Springfield *Republican* which is strange enough:

Many years ago, one night while, a conductor on the Southern Railroad was taking up fares, a man without a ticket offered him a large bill, and he, as conductors are apt to do, took it along, saying he would soon return with the change. The purpose of these delays is to make a quiet study of the bill in a baggage car, and see if it is all right. When he reached the baggage car with the bill, Mr. McKinney found what he had taken to be $100 was a bill for $1,000. He returned to the passenger and found that he had shifted his seat. Telling him there was a mistake, that the bill was for $1,000, he was amazed to have the fellow repudiate the whole arrangement. He knew nothing of it, and insisted, and was supported by a friend's testimony, that he had a ticket, and that it had been taken up. Finally Mr. McKinney was off with the bill, which the next day he turned in to the company, with his explanation. It was deposited here in the Phœnix Bank, as a special deposit, and drew interest for several years, was never claimed, and finally was given to the conductor by the company. The only explanation was that some bank burglars were on the train; that one of them carelessly took out the wrong bill, and was decided safer to lose $1,000 than to risk being arrested. Probably they thought he knew of the burglary.

A NEWSPAPER reporter says that one of the belles at the late ball "took everybody's eye." What an eye dear

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - DEC. 26, 1879.

EVEN Grant's mother, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. Corbin, near Jersey City, has been appealed to touching her knowledge of her son's true inwardness regarding a third term. The Philadelphia *Press* states that the other day she got off the following: "The General is not in the habit of giving himself up to conjectures. When a question arises he decides it, and I do not think that he has given any thought to the possibility of his being nominated again." In explanation of this the same paper states that Mrs. G. is *eighty* years of age.

GEN. WILLIAM MAHONE was elected to the U. S. Senate last week by the "Readjusters," or anti-State debt payers, of the Virginia Legislature. Mahone is a native of the State and is 52 years of age. He acquired high distinction in the Confederate army, and since the close of the war has been acting as President of a railroad. He is said to be a man of marked ability, and although he has heretofore acted with the Democratic party, it is hard to tell on which side of the political fence he will get down when he enters the Senate in March, 1881.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* of Monday last contained the following startling announcement at the head of its editorial columns: "*General Grant has a boil on his left hand.*" Our careful reading of all the marvelous things the Republican papers have been telling the people about Grant ever since his arrival at San Francisco from Japan, and until he reached Philadelphia last Tuesday week, induced us to believe that since he left this country, two years and seven months ago, "strange countries for to see," he had undergone a complete physical transformation. We never, or hardly ever, dreamed that so transcendantly great a man as he now evidently is could become subject to any of the ordinary ills that flesh is heir to, and least of all that a low, vulgar, common-place boil would mark him for its own. It is indeed a horrible thought.

MOST of our Irish friends will no doubt receive the statement that Father Mathew, the Irish apostle of temperance, was of Welsh descent, with a very large grain of salt. It is true, however. In a recently published book called "New Ireland," written by Alex. M. Sullivan, an Irishman of well known ability and reputation in his own country, he states, in his chapter on Father Mathew, that the family from which the great apostle of temperance descended, was of Welsh origin, and appears to have been settled in Tipperary ever since the civil war of 1641; that in 1650, one of its members, Capt. George Mathew, held Cahir Castle, in that county, for King Charles, but after a brave resistance was forced to surrender to Cromwell's troops—Cromwell, in a letter written at the time, bearing testimony to the gallantry of the defense made by the Irish under Capt. Mathew.

DAN RICE, the well known circus man, announced in St. Louis, a week ago last night, that he had been converted to religion and would at once enter the field as an evangelist. During Rice's show life he has "busted" and been sold out by the Sheriff about every three years, but has always managed to get on his feet again, and take the road with a new and improved combination of sawdust attractions. During the last year of Andrew Johnson's administration, Dan had an alarming attack of the Presidential fever, and had a newspaper of his own at Girard, Erie county, in this State, where he resided during the winter, to advocate his claims. His theory, as he stated it to us himself in this place, was that every voter in the United States who had ever visited his show would vote for him and also induce several others to do the same thing, and that he would, therefore, enter the White House with a perfect rush. His dreams, however, like those of some other Presidential aspirants, vanished into thin air, and Rice has continued in the show business with his usual vicissitudes until he now assumes the *role* of Moody and Sankey.

JAMES GALLAHER BLAINE is in a peck of troublef and the Republican press is ditto to Mr. Blaine, over the action of Gov. Garcelon, of Maine, and his Council in refusing certificates of election to certain Republican members of the Senate and House who claim to have been chosen at the election last September. The whole case is in a nutshell. The Governor defends his action for the following reasons: 1. Because it is required by the constitution and laws of the State. 2. It is in accord with the decisions of the Republican Supreme Court of the State. 3. It is in the strict line of abundance of Republican precedents during the last twenty-three years. This is the Democratic side of the case relied on by Gov. Garcelon and his associates, and if it is only half true he stands on firm ground and can laugh to scorn the clap-trap denunciations of as low a demagogue as Blaine always shows himself to be when he attempts to play the part of honesty in politics. If Gov. Garcelon has done nothing more towards the Republicans than the Republicans for twenty-three years have uniformly done towards the Democrats—that is to say, if he has enforced the mandates of the law made by the Republicans themselves—*they* have nothing to complain of. Blaine sanctioned the infamous frands of the Florida and Louisiana Returning Boards when the Presidency itself was at stake, and if he is now compelled to take a homeopathic dose of his own medicine, he ought not to make an ugly mouth at it. The future will produce a plentiful crop of these same election difficulties, or outrages, if they amount to that, and all of them will be directly traceable to the unholy theft of the Presidency in 1877 by the Republican party. In this Maine instance Blaine's young chickens, which were hatched in 1877, have now come home to roost.

A Few Words about Mr. Tilden.

While we are not in favor of Mr. Tilden being made the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency, we can never endorse the unceasing abuse that has been heaped upon him by men who ought to know better, for what they call his failure to assert "his rights" after the Electoral Commission had decided against him and in favor of Hayes. It was an easy thing for a well known ex-Governor of a Western State to say in his testimony before the Potter Committee: "With no disrespect to Mr. Tilden, I believe if he had mounted his horse and said 'I am elected President,' the people would have seen him seated," or for Henry Waterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, to have boasted that he would march to Washington at the head of "a hundred thousand men," who would see that Mr. Tilden was inaugurated. All this is simply the old story of the braggart, Owen Glendower, calling spirits from the vasty deep, but they refused to come. If by mounting his horse meant an appeal to arms to prevent the counting in or inauguration of Hayes, it would have been just what Grant as President and Sherman as General of the army desired. They had both taken the precaution of having enough of the regular army in and around Washington to have made quick work with Mr. Tilden on horseback at the head of *his* little squad of Democrats, and as for Waterson's western army of a hundred thousand strong, he would soon have wished himself back in Kentucky. It is all nonsense, therefore, to talk about Mr. Tilden asserting "his rights" by physical force, which would have embroiled the country in another civil war.

Mr. Tilden may be, as is said of him, a timid man who takes counsel of his fears rather than of his judgment, but it was the part of wisdom under all the circumstances for him to take the position, as he always has done, that it was the American people whose will had been defeated through fraud rather than himself.

Mr. Tilden in a conversation a little over a year ago with Hugh McDermott, editor of the Jersey City *Herald*, made a remark which affords a clue to his motives in submitting to the decision of the Electoral Commission. McDermott said to Gov. Tilden: "If General Jackson had been in your place he would have gone to Washington." Mr. Tilden, after reflecting a few moments, replied: "Perhaps I should have done so, *but then we would have had civil war.*" That was a sentiment honorable to Samuel J. Tilden's heart, for what are all the honors of the Presidency when compared to the untold miseries and bloody horrors of a civil war? Another man might, perhaps, have acted differently from Mr. Tilden, but the impartial judgment of posterity will regard his quiet submission to the most atrocious wrong of the century as the highest evidence of his unselfish patriotism.

There is something peculiarly aggravating when we consider the source of this charge of cowardice and want of nerve against Mr. Tilden. It is made principally by Southern Congressmen and the editors of Southern newspapers. What the Southern leaders wanted above and beyond every other consideration in the spring of 1877—what they wanted above even the inauguration of a Democratic President—was the removal of the troops from South Carolina and Louisiana. The intimate personal friends of Hayes—such men as Foster, the Governor-elect of Ohio, Stanley Matthews, and others—pledged the Southern men that this would be done, *provided* the count of the electoral vote in all the States was not interrupted or prevented by the House, and Mr. Hayes was declared elected. This was the bait held out to Southern Congressmen, and they eagerly swallowed it; in confirmation of which we have the public declaration of Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia, then a member of the House, that a sufficient number of Southern members had entered into a solemn written agreement to oppose by their votes any interruption or delay in the count. They stood by this agreement—voted with the Republicans—the count of the vote was finished—Tilden was openly cheated out of the Presidency—and Hayes was declared elected, in pursnance of the decision of the Electoral Commission. It is, therefore, adding insult to injury for Southern men, who aided and abetted in consummating the fraud, to now charge their victim, Mr. Tilden, with cowardice and want of spirit in not asserting "his rights." After having stripped Mr. Tilden of those very "rights" by giving validity to the acts of the *eight* to *seven* commission, modesty ought to teach them to take any other shape than *that*. Southern men and Southern newspapers have an undoubted right to prefer some other man than Mr. Tilden as the candidate, but when they denounce him for not having done the very thing which Southern votes in the House had made it impossible, even worse than a farce, to attempt to do, they are guilty of a most sublime act of meanness.

An old adage teaches us that "it is a dirty bird that befouls its own nest," and if the Southern members of Congress who were parties to the agreement vouched for by Ben Hill are satisfied with the part they took in the count of the electoral returns, Samuel J. Tilden can safely appeal to history to vindicate the integrity of his motives, as well as his forbearance in appealing to physical force in a vain attempt to possess himself of the office to which he had been elected by a majority of a quarter of a million of the American people.

CHRISTIAN S. KAUFFMAN, a Republican member of the State Senate from Lancaster county, was asked last Friday, by a reporter of the Lancaster *New Era*, what he thought about the ovations that have been showered on Grant since his return to this country, and replied as follows: "It is humiliating to me to think that Americans did not discover how very great a man General Grant was until after the crowned heads and autocrats of the old world feted and flattered him. It seems to me it should make Republican America rather suspicious to have so much ado made by monarchs over a prospective third term President of our Republic."

Gen. Coffroth's Pension Bill.

The following is the text of the pension bill offered in the House by Gen. Coffroth to which we briefly referred last week:

Be it enacted, &c., That the Secretary of the Interior be and he is hereby authorised and directed to place on the pension roll all the surviving enlisted men, including the volunteers and drafted men, of the military and naval service of the United States in the late war of the rebellion, and the surviving widows of such enlisted volunteer and drafted men, and the father or mother dependent for support on any son who was in the service of the United States in said war: *Provided*, That such widow or mother has not remarried.

SEC. 2. Before the name of any person shall be placed on the pension roll under this act, the applicant must file an application for pension under oath, made before the clerk of a court having a seal, setting forth in said application the name of the company and regiment in which the applicant served; that he was honorably discharged from the service of the United States, and that during the time he was in said service in line of duty he was wounded, injured, or contracted disease, which has entirely or partially disabled him from supporting himself, or himself and family, by manual labor; and that he is in necessitous circumstances; and shall prove by the affidavits of two disinterested and credible witnesses, who reside in the same election district with the applicant, taken under such rules as the Secretary of the Interior may prescribe, that they believe the statement made by the applicant of his service and honorable discharge from the Army or Navy of the United States, and of the wounds, injuries, or disease contracted while in the said service in line of duty, to be true; and that they know of their own personal knowledge that the applicant has said wounds, injury, or disease since his discharge from the Army or Navy; and that the applicant is in necessitous circumstances. The application of the surviving widow shall set forth the service and honorable discharge of her husband; that the cause of his death was wounds, injuries, or disease contracted while in the service of the United States in line of duty, the date of her marriage and the death of her husband; and that she is in necessitous circumstances; and her statement must be supported by affidavits in same manner as the application of a soldier. The application of a father or mother must set forth the service, and the death, or honorable discharge of the son; to what extent they or either of them were dependent on the son for support before he went into the service and up to the time of his death; that he died in the service, or was wounded, injured, or contracted disease while in the line of duty which was the cause of his death; the celibacy of the son, and that the applicant is in necessitous circumstances; and support the application by affidavits in same manner as the application of a soldier. An honorable discharge shall be satisfactory evidence of the soldier's service in the Army or Navy, and its loss shall not deprive any person of the benefit of this act; but other evidence of an honorable discharge may be deemed sufficient.

SEC. 3. That this act shall not apply to any person who is receiving a pension at the rate of $8 or more per month, nor to any person receiving a pension of less than $8 per month, unless the difference now received and the pension allowed by this act. Pensions allowed by this act shall be at the rate of $8 per month for total disability, and $6 per month for partial disability. All pensions under this act shall be paid from and after the passage thereof, for and during the natural lives of the persons entitled thereto.

SEC. 4. Any person who has now filed or hereafter may file an application for pension under the general pension laws heretofore approved, may at any time withdraw said application and have the papers returned to the person making same. And this act shall not be construed to interfere in any way with pension applications now on file or hereafter to be filed under the pension laws now in force.

SEC. 5. Any person who shall falsely and corruptly take any oath required under this act shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and shall be punished by a fine of not more than $2,000 and by imprisonment at hard labor not more than five years, and shall, moreover, thereafter be incapable of giving testimony in any court of the United States until such time as the judgment against him is reversed; and the Secretary of the Interior shall cause to be stricken from the pension roll the name of any person whenever it shall be made to appear by proof satisfactory to him that such name was put upon such roll through false and fraudulent representations, and that such person is not entitled to a pension under this act: *Provided*, Before any pension is taken by the Secretary of the Interior to strike off the name of any person on the pension roll, notice shall be given to the pensioner and an opportunity be afforded to him to defend his right to the pension granted in pursuance of this act.

SEC. 6. That the provisions of sections 1745, 4746, 4747, 4748, and 4766 of the Revised Statutes of the United States are hereby made a part of this act so far as the same are applicable, and no law or laws now in force which in any way conflict with the provisions of this act shall be applicable to the persons whose names shall be so entructed as to deprive them of the benefits of this act.

A New Way to Steal the Presidency.

The following letter from the Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun*, in reference to the Republican scheme of appointing Presidential electors by Republican Legislatures, should and no doubt will command serious attention:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—There is no doubt that the extreme radical leaders among the Republicans are seriously contemplating a change in the mode of appointing Presidential electors, not only in New York, but in several other States where the result at the polls next fall might be doubtful. The States particularly spoken of in addition to New York are Connecticut, New Jersey, Ohio, Colorado, Nevada, California, and Oregon.

It is understood that the Republicans will control the next Legislature in those eight States, and through New Jersey Presidential electors, not only Democratic Governors, who will hold through the coming year, the stalwarts think they can frame such a law as will prevent any obstruction of their new policy in the selection of electors.

The Federal Constitution confers full power upon the Legislatures in regard to the appointment of Presidential electors. But Congress has passed a law directing that the electors shall be appointed in all the States on the Tuesday next after the first Monday of November, and that they shall cast their votes on the first Wednesday of December. This is the only law Congress has ever legislated there is or can be on the subject. If any State Legislature should, at its approaching session, take the appointment from the people and confer it upon itself, the law like provision will would provide for the remoiling of the Legislature on the day in November fixed by Congress for the appointing of the electors.

If anybody would ask whether the Republican party would dare to do this in the doubtful States above mentioned, he may find his answer in the threatening tone of many of that party who take would be the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. The alleged excuse for this extraordinary measure would be the charge that the Democrats in most of the Southern States will prevent by intimidation and force to prevent the Republicans from voting in those States, and therefore the Republicans of the North are justified in using all legal and constitutional means for counterbalancing the unjust power of the Democrats of the South.

The Republican party was originally made up of the most radical elements of the Whig, the Democratic, and the Abolition parties. Its youth was spent amid the fiercest passions that sprung out of the slavery question. In its early maturity it conducted one of the greatest wars of modern times. Upon it devolved the reconstruction of the Union amid convulsions that had no precedent in our history. The first fifteen turbulent years of its existence brought into its ranks a large share of the young, hot blood of the country. When Grant was first elected, it had become accustomed to deal with great questions, and to get along, whenever it was deemed necessary, without paying too careful regard to the Constitution. It thus grew to be a very bold, aggressive, and somewhat unscrupulous party, and, upon the whole, perhaps the most skillfully handled party which the country ever saw. During all this time, and down to the present day, it has never for one moment feared the Democratic party. On the contrary, has rather jeered at its timidity and despised its methods, and has ever stood ready to take it by the throat, as it did at the close of the last Presidential election.

Hence, ought any close observer of the events of the past twenty years to doubt that the Republicans will change the mode of appointing electors in six or eight States, if they can thereby secure the Presidency? As to any recoil from this bold step, the advocates of this line of policy point to the fact that the next census will considerably reduce the power of the Southern States in the Electoral College, while at the same time increasing that of the States in the West and Northwest, where lie the strongholds of the Republican party.

A MAIDEN'S FOLLY.—A Bellefontaine, O., dispatch of the 20th says:

The city is all torn up over the sensational attempt at suicide by a fifteen year old girl attending our public schools. The affair has been kept quiet, but all the facts are out from her last and almost fatal attempt. The young lady in question is in love with a youth about her own age, but for several days they have not spoken, owing to some quarrel. This preying on her mind, she wrote him a note, telling him if he continued in his course of not speaking to her she would kill herself. Receiving no reply, she decided, beyond her to kill, and he would pay all funeral expenses.—She took him at his word, and commenced systematically to try to make a demunition moist body of herself. She first drank two bottles of ink, with no other effect than to make her deathly sick. She then tried the carmine ink, with no better success. Her schoolmates discovered her with a rope around and around her neck and took it from her. Three attempts have been made the last day or two, but kept quiet. Her last and purly fatal effort was with the knife, and her fair throat the objective point. She cut a hole clear across it, and no doubt would have killed herself but for her mother, who discovered her in the act. The parties are all respectable and well thought of.

MR. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, editor of the Boston *Pilot*, in reply to a request from the Philadelphia *Press* for his opinion of Grant as a Presidential candidate, writes:

"His renomination would be a grave National misstep. Such men as Grant are out of place in high office in time of peace. He has not one quality to fit him for President for the coming four years. We have entered on the up grade in trade and commerce. Our National affairs should be in the hands of statesmen, of great mercenants, of traders, scholars and elevated lawyers—not of soldiers. His strength as a candidate is discreditable to the Republican party. The Republic should be nobler than to follow, through years of prosperous work, the brass band of military glory."

THE Lewistown *Gazette* gets off the following terse sentence for the benefit of delinquent subscribers to newspapers. It will not take much stretch of the imagination to make the paragraph applicable to more papers than the *Gazette*:

"Unlimited credit is simply unlimited nonsense. We are sure were some one to go to these parties and year after year buy something they had to sell, or get work done to the amount of $1 50 a year, and continue this without a word about pay for two, three, four, or five years, they would begin to think their customer ought to be looked after. Now place us in that position with three, four or five hundred customers of that kind, and it will not take much brains to figure out the result."

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Sweet potatoes are raised in Los Angeles county, Cal., weighing 26 pounds each.

—Six tanks and 2,000 or 3,000 barrels of oil were destroyed by fire at Franklin, on Sunday.

—James Gleason's house, at Ayerstown, N. J., was burned on Tuesday and three children perished in the flames.

—Miss Annie Wertz, living near Harrisburg, was so badly gored by a bull on Thursday that it is thought she cannot recover.

—The grave of Andy Tracy is watched day and night, as it is feared that physicians will exhume the body to examine the brain.

—At a wedding festivity in London, Ont., Robert Campbell, brother of the bridegroom, fired a salute, when the gun exploded, killing him instantly.

—There is nearly a foot of snow on the ground at Milford, Pike county, and at last accounts it was still snowing there. On Saturday the thermometer was five degrees below zero.

—The steamer Borussia, from Liverpool to New Orleans, sank in mid ocean December 3d, and it is believed that not less and possibly more than one hundred and eighty lives were lost.

—Miss Payne, of St. Paul, became a secret smoker. When two gentlemen called she hurriedly thrust a lighted cigarette into her pocket, and was soon ablaze, receiving burns that were almost fatal.

—A rat that was as large as a kitten, and weighed four pounds, fought a Pittsburg saloon keeper fifteen minutes before it was killed. A large cat was called in and was glad to get out. It must have been a muskrat.

—The Republican National Committee at its meeting in Washington last week fixed on Chicago as the place and June 3d as the time for holding the next National Convention, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President.

—S. Leopold, traveling agent for a Louisville (Ky.) tobacco firm, was caught by a train of cars in the Union Depot, Pittsburg, on Monday morning and crushed to death. He was aged about 40 years, and was on his way to New York.

—B. B. McElree any William Eitfritz raced their horses while returning from Des Moines, Iowa, to their farms, on Thursday, and crowded each other off a bridge. McElree was killed, his son dangerously injured, and Eitfritz fatally injured.

—The barn of M. C. Browning, two miles from Haddenfield, N. J., together with the contents, was destroyed by fire Friday morning. Twenty-three cows and two mules were roasted to death. The loss is $14,000. It is supposed that the barn was set on fire by tramps.

—The six-days' walking match for women at the Madison Square Garden, New York, closed Saturday evening with the following result: Miss Howard won the first prize, Tobias took second and Massicott third. Their scores were: 393, 387 and 384. Sixteen others held out.

—George W. Gammon, sixty-five years of age, living at Columbus, Ga., while on his way home on Friday night had his throat cut from ear to ear and his pockets rifled. Robbery is supposed to have been the object of the murder. The Coroner's inquest failed to find any clue to the perpetrator.

—Philip Dorohue died some time ago in California, leaving a million and a half of dollars to two sisters and a brother. These have been found after a long search, and will start in a few days for San Francisco. The brother and sisters met in New York on Saturday night, the first time in thirty years.

—It has been discovered that the subject lately cremated at Washington, Pa., in the Lemoyne furnace, was Charles McCrary, the son of a well-known New York merchant. He was twenty-four years old, died of consumption, and expressed the wish before death that his body should be disposed of as it was.

—There is great excitement in Shelbyville, Ind., over the arrival of negro emigrants from North Carolina. The last party was surrounded at the depot by a mob, and threats were so openly made that they did not leave the train, but went on to some point beyond. Fears of serious trouble are entertained.

—A fruit tree without a root is shown in the yard of William Colnon, in Stockton, Cal. When the gardener took hold of the tree, a few days ago, a slight shake brought it down, though it was growing luxuriantly. Instead of roots there was a globular-shaped growth about one foot in diameter, gnarled like a knot.

—It is a singular circumstance that while one Hayden is being tried in Connecticut for murder, another man of the same name should be on trial in Massachusetts for poisoning his sister; and stranger still, in the forthcoming Fifty-first Vermont Reports is the case of a third Hayden, accused of murdering one wife to make way for another.

—Two brick houses in course of construction at Wilmington, Del., fell on Saturday afternoon and five men and a boy were buried in the ruins. Among them were Charles Ruth and Lewis Lynch, jr., a son of the present Street Commissioner. They were all extricated alive, but it is feared that the injuries sustained by Ruth and Lynch will prove fatal.

—A few nights ago an unknown man, supposed to have been insane, entered the Eastern railroad depot, at Saco, Me., and although he was shot and wounded by the watchman kicked over the stove and demolished the lamps, setting fire to the building, which, with the freight house and shed attached, were burned. The remains of the lunatic were found in the ruins. The loss on the building is $2,000.

—Frank Baker, colored, was hanged on Friday at Sussex county Court House, Virginia, for the murder of Henrietta Shands and her infant child, near Stony Point station, on the night of August 1. Baker attacked his victim at her home and almost chopped her head off with an axe. The child he buried alive. The colored people were greatly incensed against the prisoner, and at one time there was talk of lynching him.

—An insulter of women met his just reward at Petersburg, Ind., Thursday. Two ladies, who had been followed by two of these carrion on several occasions, went down town Thursday evening, and one armed herself with a hatchet for protection. The two fellows followed them, making indecent suggestions, when the armed lady drew her hatchet and sunk it into his cheek, making a gash five inches long and cutting thro' the cheek bone.

—Andrew Lampo, a farmer, living four miles north of Cochranton, Crawford county, hung himself early Friday morning. He had a suit on trial in court at Meadville for slandering a near neighbor, which was likely to go against him, and which is supposed to have been the cause of the deed. He left a statement, the contents of which are not pleasant to some prominent men in the neighborhood where he lived. Lampo was about forty years old, and leaves a family.

—Frederick Werner, a resident of Long Island City, reported to the police of New York on Monday that his house had been robbed and his wife assaulted by a man whom he hired at Castle Garden, Monday morning, while Mr. Werner was absent the hired man knocked Mrs. Werner down, jumped upon her body, and after driving a knife into her neck, robbed the house of $230 and fled. At noon Mrs. Werner was beyond recovery. The would-be murderer's name is Max Hess, and he has a bad character.

—A Winnepeg special to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* says: An explosion of nitro-glycerine on the Canada Pacific Railroad, near Rat Portage, killed four men and wounded three. The killed are J. C. Logan, foreman; John Frazer, Patrick Melard. The wounded are William Conway, seriously; Lawrence Reters and Mike Kearney. One of the men holding the can of nitro-glycerine slipped, causing the explosion.

—Friday afternoon, at Richmond Colliery, Schuylkill county, the sidehooks of two loaded cars, to which the wire-chain was attached, broke just as the cars reached the top of the slope. The cars dashed down the slope at lightning speed 300 yards to the bottom, where they struck Michael Kennedy and Patrick Murphy. The former was terribly mangled, and cannot live. Murphy was injured internally.

—Anna Weber, a domestic aged seventeen years, of Jefferson City Mo., was seated at a table with two other women playiug cards, when suddenly three pistol reports were heard, and Anna falling pierced with bullets, died in a few minutes. An examination discovered a five-barreled revolver in the oven of the stove, which had exploded from the heat. The pistol is supposed to have been hidden there last summer to keep it from a boy, and this was the first day a fire had been made.

—The contrast between spending one's own money and spending the money of other people has not had a better illustration lately than was afforded by the comparison of the cost of the arch thrown across Chestnut street, Philadelphia, by Mr. Wanamaker and the other structure across the same street erected by the city. Mr. Wanamaker's arch cost a little more than $400. The city arch cost $824. Mr. Wanamaker's arch contains probably double the amount of solid material, besides being infinitely superior in artistic effect.

—At the shooting school, Eighth street near third avenue, New York city, Captain Bogardus on Saturday performed the greatest feat of breaking glass balls on record. For a purse of $1,000 he essayed to beat all previous performances of this character by smashing 5,500 balls in 430½ minutes—7h. 30m.—standing fifteen yards from the traps and loading his own gun. The Captain was fully twenty yards away from the traps during the entire shoot, and his last ball was broken with 11m. 28s. to spare. This score beats Carver's performance at the Brooklyn driving park last July by 19m. 38s.

—William McKee, senior proprietor of the *Globe-Democrat*, died suddenly at his home in St. Louis on Saturday morning, aged sixty-four years. He was a native of New York city, and from a journeyman printer had become a millionaire. For some years Mr. McKee was a great power in the Republican party of the West, but his reputation was sadly smirched in 1875 by his connection with the famous "whiskey ring" frauds on the revenue at St. Louis, and for participation in which the deceased and other prominent men finally found themselves in the penitentiary, though they were all pardoned by the President after brief terms of imprisonment.

—Suspicions of a foul murder have been aroused at New Canton, twenty miles south of Quincy, Ill., by finding a house, which was recently occupied by a man and his wife, entirely deserted, but with all the furniture intact, and blood on various articles about the place. Cries of murder were heard coming from the house last Thursday night, but no investigation was made for some days. It was found that a neighbor who had threatened their lives had shipped his goods at the same time to Loraine, and the theory is that he packed the bodies of his victims in cases and took them along with him. The excitement was intense in that section, and men were scouring the country in search of the remains and of the supposed murderer.

—A dispatch from Lafayette, Ind., says the railroad employes are excited over the alleged re-appearance of Johnson, a fireman who was killed near Michigan City some days ago. It is said his friends have several times seen his apparition, and last night Engineer Bishop on whose train he was killed, when at the spot where the accident happened, was surprised to see Johnson, his late fireman, smiling and standing in the cab. He watched him a moment and observed him go to his accustomed place in the cab, then the outlines became more indistinct, till suddenly he saw him go dowa between the tender and engine and vanish, just as he had done at the time of his death. The fireman who was in the cab at the time saw nothing of the apparition.

—The Baltimore *American* says that a remarkable story is told by the captain of the bark Kate Howe, which arrived the other morning from Liverpool. The Kate Howe was laden in Charleston during last November with cotton for Liverpool. Just before sailing, a cat which belonged on board was missed and the vessel started on its voyage; and forty-seven days after, the hatches were taken off at Liverpool, when the cat crawled slowly forth, presenting a most wobegone and emaciated appearance. Pussy had been nudged in between two bales of cotton during the voyage, and had been unable to move or to obtain food or water during the whole time. The animal's head was flattened, and one of its legs was twisted over its back, and although after a few days of careful nursing it recovered its wonted appetite, its former beauty, it is feared, has departed forever.

BILL KEMBLE, who of course is in favor of giving Grant a third term, or even of putting a crown upon his head, having resigned as the member from this State on the Republican National Committee, Don Cameron, at a meeting of the full committee in Washington last week, was appointed to fill his place, and was also elected chairman of the committee, to succeed the late Zachariah Chandler. Cameron, so the Republican papers say, will endeavor to have the State Convention of Pennsylvania called early in February, and elect a full Grant delegation to the National Convention. This same Republican party, at its State Convention held at Lancaster only a little over four years ago, inserted a resolution in its platform denouncing the third term project in the strongest possible language. Don Cameron wouldn't be the son of Simon if he didn't yearn for another four years' rule of the old corrupt ring that surrounded and controlled Grant.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 140 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.* [12-19.-3m.]

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

WANTED.—Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., want an agent in this county at once, at a salary of $100 per month and expenses paid. For full particulars address as above. [11-21.-1y.]

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THE GREAT DRY GOODS AND OUTFITTING HOUSE
OF PHILADELPHIA,

COVERING THE BLOCK FROM THIRTEENTH STREET TO NEW CITY HALL, AND FROM CHESTNUT STREET, THROUGH ENTRANCE, EXTENDING TO MARKET STREET.

The Space Occupied on Ground Floor is 95,250 Square Feet.
The Space Occupied in Galleries is 36,805 Square Feet.
The Space Occupied in Basement is 45,870 Feet.
Giving a Grand Total of 179,025 Square Feet, amounting to 4 11-100 Acres, all in active use in Retailing DRY GOODS and FANCY GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

The Formal Opening
—OF THE—
REFITTED AND ENLARGED HOUSE
IS NOW AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT!

Though our vast premises seemed abundantly large for our business, yet the wonderful increase of the past year made it necessary to provide additional accommodations. Spacious Galleries, of easy access, commanding fine views of the busy place, have been erected to afford required room. Other changes have been made that will give comfort to the thousands who like the Grand Depot and approve of its methods of business.

The Millinery, Upholstery, House Supply and China Departments are greatly enlarged.

A new and comfortable Ladies' Room has been provided, where those who buy at the various counters and desire to pay for all at one time, can get the goods and make payments without delay.

The New Stations to Receive Cash, and the Electric Bells to call Cash Boys, will prevent delays in making change. We are confident that the time taken is not any more than is requisite to conduct business by a safe system to sell cheaply.

We mean to meet every expressed wish of our customers, if in our power, both in the stock on sale and in the conveniences of the establishment. None but Courteous Clerks and Experienced Heads of Departments shall hold places in the Grand Depot, if we know it. By truly serving our customers we hope to prove the value of the plans we have fixed upon, that have only as yet been partially developed. Without disparaging others we propose to attend strictly to developing the business of the Grand Depot.

The first markets in the world, the places where goods are produced, are being visited by our buyers, who are experts. Without intermediate profits we will transfer the goods to our counters and give them to our customers with one fair profit.

Our relations with foreign houses are now being rapidly perfected.

No subterfuges will be permitted in selling goods. The customers who buy of us will buy fairly, and, even after they have bought, may return the goods if they desire, though the article be a silk velvet cloak pattern or a satin dress pattern. We mean to deal liberally with our customers, because they deal liberally with us. We will trust our customers to do right by us, and ask them to trust us to do right by them. When we fail to do this, we ask that it may be pointed out.

THERE ARE NOW FORTY DEPARTMENTS.

No. 1.
A.—SILKS AND VELVETS.
Located in front of the Chestnut Street Entrance, with excellent light, a full stock of about $100,000 on hand, all the best staple makes of Black and Colored Silks, with the choicest and scarcest novelties. To be reliable in this class of goods is a very difficult thing, as there is such an adulteration in silk materials, but we guarantee all that we sell.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 2.
B.—BLACK AND MOURNING GOODS.
Directly across the aisle from Silks is the large and splendid Department. We are building up a reputation for long-wearing fabrics in Black Goods. Those who, from choice or otherwise, wear black will be astonished at the assortment kept and the moderation of prices. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 3.
C.—DRESS GOODS.
Eleven entire counters are devoted to these goods, making 440 lineal feet each filled by the choicest Dress Goods. This would make one counter, if put in line, that would stretch along Chestnut street from Fifth to Sixth street, the entire length of the State House square, and from Sixth to Seventh in the half-way to the Penn Building, 1½ squares long. Of course there is every variety of Dress Goods, from $8 per yard to 5 cents per yard, and oftentimes the prices are from ½ to ⅓ per cent. less than is asked elsewhere. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 4.
D.—GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
In the first place we have 420 sewing machines running in a Gentlemen's and Boys' Shirt store.
Then we have Underwear, Collars and Cuffs, Suspenders, Knit Jackets, &c., all the little things a gentleman needs for his toilet.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 5.
E.—CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND CLOAKINGS.
This is an excellent section for Ladies, because we buy so largely of Wooden Goods in the Clothing Department that we can sell as low as any of the whole sale stores sell; besides, our long experience gives us knowledge of the wearing qualities of goods We sell no article simply because it will sell. A piece of goods must be intrinsically good. Ladies' Sacqueings and goods for Little Children's Clothes in great variety. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 6.
F.—NOTIONS, SMALL WARES, SUCH ASSEWING SILKS, BRAIDS, &c.
This would seem like an unimportant Department, but the fine assortment we keep requires 26 young ladies all the time to wait on customers.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 7.
F. F.—HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
On the lower gallery, entered by broad stairs at Juniper or Broad street entrance, is the vast assortment of supplies that delight housekeepers—everything wanted for kitchen service or housekeeping from the finest to medium goods, at hand.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 8.
LADIES' COMBS, FANS, ORNAMENTS, &c.
This counter is filled with little knick-knacks suitable for presents. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 9.
G.—LINENS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, &c.
In this department we excel. The class of goods selected by our buyer, who goes abroad twice a year to get goods direct from the Irish manufacturers, has popularized this department. All kinds of Housekeeping Dry Goods of reliable makes in immense assortment at reasonable and proper prices. Our makes of Linens are absolutely reliable. We make a specialty in Blankets.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 10.
H.—REAL AND IMITATION LACES, RUCHINGS, LADIES' CUFFS, COLLARS AND TIES.
In no department of our business is the fair profit principle more noticeable than here. People tell us they have been accustomed to pay double the prices we have some of our goods marked. That low prices please is manifest by the throng always selecting at the counters. It is almost impossible to keep a full assortment, as the goods go out so rapidly. The Ruchings and some other made-up goods are made in our own premises. About thirty hands are employed at this work under a skilled designer. We copy the foreign patterns and sell them at prices within reach of everybody.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 11.
H. H.—WHITE GOODS, HAMBURG EDGINGS,
The latest productions in Swiss Goods Cambrics, Nainsooks in magnificent variety. The newest things from the Hamburg looms received direct from the makers. This stock is complete and popular because prices are so low.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 12.
I.—UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.
A full stock of Lace Curtains, brought by American Line direct to us from the St. Gall, Switzerland, ships, all the prevailing styles of Curtain Goods in Raw Silks, Jute and Satteens, &c. Few persons know how to furnish cheaply and tastefully. The head of this department has had large experience, and we can not only supply the goods cheaply, but give ideas in style and harmony with furniture. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 13.
K.—SHAWLS.
We exhibit a fine line of Shawls of every description, from real Indias for $200 down to the common Breakfast Shawl for $1. A beautiful variety of the medium grades in long and square styles, either in plain subdued or high colors.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 14.
L.—COSTUMES, CLOAKS AND WRAPS.
This is a leading part of the business. Parisians would call the large place set apart for this department "Salon." It is to the right on entering from Chestnut street, splendidly lighted and with private rooms for trying on and fitting dresses. Ready-made dresses and Cloaks in large variety

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY MORNING, - DEC. 26, 1879.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

During the coming year we propose not only making the FREEMAN a better paper than ever before, but we announce to-day such special inducements to all new subscribers, as well as to old ones in arrears, who will pay up to date, as will, we think, and certainly ought to, make the FREEMAN a regular and indispensable visitor to every home in the country. This inducement is no less than a copy of our own paper and the Pittsburg DISPATCH throughout the whole twelve months for the very moderate sum of $2.00. The DISPATCH during 1880 will be one of the great journals in the country, full of the freshest matter containing all the associated press and other special telegrams from a large corps of correspondents at the National and State capitals, and through all the leading cities and towns of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Virginia, &c.—Local reports will be a specialty. On the latter part of the State, and it will enable subscribers to the FREEMAN to procure almost as well as a journal which, at all times newsy and interesting, will be particularly so during the coming year 1880—a year sure to be doubly exciting by its presidential campaign and its trade revival. Send in your names at once.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—The next FREEMAN will be dated January 7, 1880.

—The Teachers' Institute commences in Johnstown next Monday.

—Prothonotary O'Donnell betook himself to Philadelphia on Christmas eve.

—Christmas and New Year are popular days with the little folks.

—Now is the time, of all times in the year, to forgive what you owe and get down on your knees.

—The rain Tuesday night in great torrents rose, and knocked most of the stuffing out of "beautiful snow."

—Verily we swear, if you please, in French, English or Dutch, but no paper will be issued from this office next week.

—The artesian well in Altoona has reached a depth of 1,370 feet, 800 of which has been through a hard limestone rock.

—Severity, point, purity, impartiality, enterprise and promptness are conceded characteristics of the Cambria FREEMAN.

—We pray dat de Lord take me till I don't cough Syrup," an' I's nebber sick no more. How's dat for high, boss?

—We can now afford to take a Chicago paper. See announcement in another column of our clubbing arrangement with the FREEMAN.

—Johnstown ain't much warmer than Ebensburg yet the Sun shines there every day in the year, while its Furey—yea, verily, in all its two

—Happy homes and smiling faces are in the main the result of wise parents constantly giving "Sellers' Cough Syrup" on hand.

—Lovers contrive in some way to stand on sunny places with which our streets and sidewalks abound, but we notice that it seems awful busy.

—See to it that your child meets with no mishap when sick, use for the diseases of throat Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup:—it never fails. Price 25 cents.

—Dr. D. L. Evans, of Huntingdon, has been appointed a clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington. Gufe)ss he can fill the bill about as well as anybody.

—Cold piercing winds and driving rains seem to be all set to bring on a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat at this season, and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be kept in every house. Price 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

—Mr. Jerry Wilmore, had one of his feet crushed at the shoulder, near Altoona on Thursday last, by being accidentally thrown from a freight train on which he was employed as a brakeman.

—We are sorry to learn that our young friend John A. Dovie, Esq., is lying seriously ill at the residence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. B Bowman, in Altoona. We hope to hear of his thorough recovery.

—William Sanders, who resides near Altoona, is employed by the Pennsylvania company, had three of the fingers of his right hand cut off the other day by a pair of steel which fell on them.

—Cambria Quartz don't hold any much like a Democratic sand; yet it is quite probable it has been at *home less* since he has been a passenger conductor on the main line than any other man in this community.

—Conrad Bott, of Westmoreland county, owns several flocks of turkeys, each comprising over two hundred fowls, to the aggregate of which he adds seven hundred from Mr. Bott by Wood, Morrell & Co. A. Sheemaker, Esq., of this place, if he is true, contemplates an early visit to the Springs of Arkansas for the benefit of his health, which is somewhat impaired by his most sanguine hopes be fully realized.

—Mary De Armit, a nephew of Col. Wm. Kemble, and formerly a resident of Hollidaysburg, has recovered a verdict of $2,500 against the city of Pittsburgh for false imprisonment in connection with the railroad riots of July, 1877.

—Mrs. Eva Russel, of Carrolltown, aged about the 85th year of her age, has seen the anniversaries of her birth, the first of which was born not being an annual affair. Can you tell us, why she came into this world on the 29th of February, 1792.

—Rev. Francis X. Ott, of Carrolltown, as we learn from the *News*, has secured the subscription for carrying the mail, on and after the 1st, between that place and Cherry-dale. We feel sure he will be able to fill the bill, and no doubt will do it to the satisfaction of the people.

—Mr. W. K. Piper, of Hollidaysburg, has sold at the Altoona passenger depot last week, and injured one of his quite severely. Subsequent examination showed that a tendon in the arm was badly contused, and now a physician is attending to his case.

—Jacob Noelle, a laborer in the P. R. R. shops at Altoona, was struck by the Mail train last Tuesday afternoon, and quite a small scalp wound inflicted, the concussion is so great that he died inside of five minutes. Deceased leaves a wife and several children.

—Snow is now of some lengthy and certainly very welcome visitor from our friend John A. Dougherty, of Vernejo, New Mexico, dated at last in time to be too late for our paper. It will keep, however, with—coming from its interest until week after, when we shall take pleasure in it.

—Jerry Eagle should contest the election case, and do it successfully, it will confer upon the governor to appoint some one to perform the duties of the sheriff's office until the next general election, when the Democrats, if they act wisely making a nomination, can elect their candidate with the least trouble.

—The fair and festival in aid of the Catholic church in this place have been duly announced in Mundy's station, and will result in a handsome thing during the holidays, thus affording all who wish to enjoy themselves rational amusement an excellent opportunity to invest a few dollars, where it will do the most good, in a deserving public.

—Mr. Augustine Yost, of Carroll township, was on his way last Monday morning with several head of steers to market, one of the steers, valued at about forty-five dollars, took to the woods when in this place, and the last we heard of him he was in Dry Dog road, and all efforts thus far to recapture the animal have proved unavailing.

—The ladies and gentlemen who have charge of the Presbyterian church festival at Mr. Mundy's station from the Sheriff's House in this place have left notice with us that the entertainment at the festivities ought to be payable, and we know no one can spend an hour or two pleasantly, and a dollar or two more profitably than by patronizing so deserving a cause.

—We have a bear of something more definite to say hereafter about the alleged proceedings of Mr. Griffith from the Sheriff's office, which we would say is sorry to say he really deserves it, we will be prepared to believe that the Altoona *Call* knows what it is talking about, which is more than this community is aware of at present writing.

—Mrs. Thomas Woods, of Altoona, died on Saturday afternoon last from an overdose of yellow jessamine, which she had been in the habit of using as a medicine. She didn't feel well and being a neighboring woman, who assured her correctly, that it would do her good, she advised her to take it, though it is presumed she intended her drug, if not to be taken in homeopathic doses, for the value of being fully acquainted with the important news of the day is as apt to every thinking man as the entertainment afforded at the family fireside. Can be secured in such full degree by taking to our paper and the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, the two together costing but $3 per year, that all should take advantage of the offer now made and soon to be withdrawn.

—Elder township comes to the front with two monster sausages, one of which, manufactured by Capt. John Nagle and Mr. Anthony Anna, is, or was, forty-two feet in length and without a break, while the other, the handiwork of Mr. Thomas Ott and his assistants, measures, or did measure, fifty-two feet and weighs, or did weigh, forty-five pounds. Verily, the age of (the) Elder township is saus-age.

—Six cars of the Union line freight west were wrecked near Cresson, on Friday night last, in consequence of the train breaking and several of the rear cars running into those in front, and a breakman named D. H. Hoover, who lived near Newton Hamilton, Mifflin county, whose he leaves a family, was caught between the cars and instantly killed, both legs and one of his arms being cut off and his head cut open.

—We had the pleasure of a visit on Tuesday last from Mr. A. J. Anderson, a successful and enterprising merchant of Martinsburg, Blair county, whom we were glad to meet not only because we have known him from his infancy, but because he took occasion to subscribe and pay in advance for the FREEMAN. Mr. Anderson is one of the most respected and prosperous citizens of Blair county, as he well deserves to be.

—A man in Hollidaysburg stole a lot of feed last Friday night from a certain stable when the snow was falling, but as the snow quit coming down just as soon as he got home with his plunder, his tracks were easily followed next morning, although he doubtless believed that the snow would continue to fall and cover them up completely. His respectability induced the owner of the feed not to prosecute him. Here is a good chance for some other respectable man to go for the balance of that feed.

—Mrs. Mary Hersperger, a niece of Dr. C. Emerson, of Johnstown, committed suicide at the home of her mother, in Maysville, N. Y., on last Sunday afternoon, by shooting herself in the breast, the wound proving fatal in a few hours after. Grief at the death of her husband, Samuel Hersperger, of Allegheny City, who lost his life early last spring by being caught in the machinery of a patent ice producer in Philadelphia, is supposed to have unsettled her mind and prompted the commission of the terrible deed.

—If it isn't too late the great fact to impart, we wish a Merry Christmas, with all of our heart, to each friend of the FREEMAN, both large ones and small; and while we are at it we'll extend it to all the rest of mankind, who may take it or "lave" it, just as they would the paper that's gave it. And as for the other kind greeting, we know 'tis the time to extend a Happy New Year to each patron and friend; which we do without thought of any bunc ombe or trick, but hope that all those in arrears will pay up mighty quick.

—As Mr. Michael Daily, the efficient railroad engineer who ran the Grant train from Pittsburgh to Altoona in the remarkable short space of three hours and a few minutes, for the doing of which he has received the highest mede of praise from the company, as well as from other sources, is a brother-in-law to our cousin, James A. McPike of Pittsburgh, we feel as proud over the achievement as a turkey gobbler is supposed to feel after the holidays when he finds that his head has not been axed to abdicate its throne.

—Next to feasting on candies and sich like, there is scarcely anything more enjoyed by the rising generation than to gaze long and wistfully on the contents of a confectioner's window, such as is now to be seen in all its glory at E. C. Parrish's little store around the corner. What with the cheer gladdened by the soft, easy-shaped bon-bon and the eyes moistened by the expectation of getting a good taste of them in the sweet bye and bye, the delightful instinct dances and sparkles through each vein like the fancy of a field of clover to a hay-fed cow.

—The P. R. R. freight, passenger depot at Tyrone and the office of the Superintendent of the Tyrone division, both under one roof, caught fire about 3 o'clock on Thursday morning of last week, and notwithstanding the well-directed efforts of the firemen and other citizens, the entire structure and most of its contents fell a prey to the devouring element. The loss is estimated at $8,000; origin of the fire not known. Mr. Wilmore, had one of his feet bruised at the shoulder, near Altoona on Thursday last, by being accidentally thrown from a freight train on which he was employed as a brakeman.

—We are sorry to learn that our young friend John A. Dovie, Esq., is lying seriously ill at the residence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. B Bowman, in Altoona. We hope to hear of his thorough recovery.

—William Sanders, who resides near Altoona, is employed by the Pennsylvania company, had three of the fingers of his right hand cut off the other day by a pair of steel which fell on them.

—Cambria Quartz don't hold any much like a Democratic sand; yet it is quite probable it has been at *home less* since he has been a passenger conductor on the main line than any other man in this community.

—Conrad Bott, of Westmoreland county, owns several flocks of turkeys, each comprising over two hundred fowls, to the aggregate of which he adds seven hundred from Mr. Bott by Wood, Morrell & Co. A. Sheemaker, Esq., of this place, if he is true, contemplates an early visit to the Springs of Arkansas for the benefit of his health, which is somewhat impaired by his most sanguine hopes be fully realized.

—Mary De Armit, a nephew of Col. Wm. Kemble, and formerly a resident of Hollidaysburg, has recovered a verdict of $2,500 against the city of Pittsburgh for false imprisonment in connection with the railroad riots of July, 1877.

—Mrs. Eva Russel, of Carrolltown, aged about the 85th year of her age, has seen the anniversaries of her birth, the first of which was born not being an annual affair. Can you tell us, why she came into this world on the 29th of February, 1792.

—Rev. Francis X. Ott, of Carrolltown, as we learn from the *News*, has secured the subscription for carrying the mail, on and after the 1st, between that place and Cherry-dale. We feel sure he will be able to fill the bill, and no doubt will do it to the satisfaction of the people.

—Mr. W. K. Piper, of Hollidaysburg, has sold at the Altoona passenger depot last week, and injured one of his quite severely. Subsequent examination showed that a tendon in the arm was badly contused, and now a physician is attending to his case.

—Jacob Noelle, a laborer in the P. R. R. shops at Altoona, was struck by the Mail train last Tuesday afternoon, and quite a small scalp wound inflicted, the concussion is so great that he died inside of five minutes. Deceased leaves a wife and several children.

—Snow is now of some lengthy and certainly very welcome visitor from our friend John A. Dougherty, of Vernejo, New Mexico, dated at last in time to be too late for our paper. It will keep, however, with—coming from its interest until week after, when we shall take pleasure in it.

—Jerry Eagle should contest the election case, and do it successfully, it will confer upon the governor to appoint some one to perform the duties of the sheriff's office until the next general election, when the Democrats, if they act wisely making a nomination, can elect their candidate with the least trouble.

—The fair and festival in aid of the Catholic church in this place have been duly announced in Mundy's station, and will result in a handsome thing during the holidays, thus affording all who wish to enjoy themselves rational amusement an excellent opportunity to invest a few dollars, where it will do the most good, in a deserving public.

—Mr. Augustine Yost, of Carroll township, was on his way last Monday morning with several head of steers to market, one of the steers, valued at about forty-five dollars, took to the woods when in this place, and the last we heard of him he was in Dry Dog road, and all efforts thus far to recapture the animal have proved unavailing.

—The ladies and gentlemen who have charge of the Presbyterian church festival at Mr. Mundy's station from the Sheriff's House in this place have left notice with us that the entertainment at the festivities ought to be payable, and we know no one can spend an hour or two pleasantly, and a dollar or two more profitably than by patronizing so deserving a cause.

—We have a bear of something more definite to say hereafter about the alleged proceedings of Mr. Griffith from the Sheriff's office, which we would say is sorry to say he really deserves it, we will be prepared to believe that the Altoona *Call* knows what it is talking about, which is more than this community is aware of at present writing.

—Mrs. Thomas Woods, of Altoona, died on Saturday afternoon last from an overdose of yellow jessamine, which she had been in the habit of using as a medicine. She didn't feel well and being a neighboring woman, who assured her correctly, that it would do her good, she advised her to take it, though it is presumed she intended her drug, if not to be taken in homeopathic doses, for the value of being fully acquainted with the important news of the day is as apt to every thinking man as the entertainment afforded at the family fireside. Can be secured in such full degree by taking to our paper and the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, the two together costing but $3 per year, that all should take advantage of the offer now made and soon to be withdrawn.

—What was known as the "Old Hickory Brewery," located in the western part of Altoona, and owned by Mr. Martin Hoelle, was discovered to be on fire about one o'clock on Wednesday morning of last week, and the fierce and uncontrollable was the progress of the flames that in a few hours scarcely a vestige of the brewery or the stable adjoining was left to mark the spot. The fire is supposed to have been the result of accident, and the loss is said to aggregate about $30,000, on which there was an insurance of $15,000. The owner of the premises intends to rebuild as soon as possible. Meantime Altoona will have to *beer* up under a greatly diminished supply of local lager.

—Our friend John McCormick, of Summerhill township, who was named week before last by our correspondent at Lilly's as one of the applicants for a certificate to school in Washington township, wrote us a note just in time to be too late for our last issue, and since then it has been mislaid, in which he gave us to understand that he had made a proposition to the Board of Directors to complete the unexpired term of Mr. Cramer in said school for a certain amount in excess of the salary paid to the latter gentleman. The Directors declined to accede to his proposition he was virtually out of the contest, and therefore should not have been named in that connection.

—Johnstown and her people ought to be supremely happy just now. One night last week the silver-tongued infidel, Bob Ingersoll, who don't take any stock in the great hereafter, delivered a lecture in that city, and on Tuesday night of this week Henry Ward Beecher who for good and sufficient reasons don't want to believe in the existence of such an unnecessary and old-fashioned an institution as hell, put in his appearance on the lecture platform in the same place. Both of these men are undoubtedly eloquent, and while Ingersoll is credited with sincerity in his unbelief, the general impression is that Beecher wears the mask of hypocrisy and assumes a virtue even if he has it not.

—The Carrolltown *News* claims to have successfully interested itself in securing the money order office recently vouchsafed to that place, and also produces letters to prove that it was the prime mover in the effort which culminated in obtaining a daily mail from Loretto to Chest Springs. More than that, it has the assurance of Congressman Coffroth that he will use his influence to secure the extension of said route to St. Augustine at as early a day as possible. All which goes to show that the *News* is a power in the land, and that its editor is determined that northern Cambria shall not be behind any other portion of the county in the matter of mail and money order accommodations. Honor to whom honor is due.

—The Carrolltown *News* takes occasion, even at this late day, to remind its readers that one or two of the sons of that section "were made victims in the last election thro' the mad opposition of men and newspapers which should have supported them," but forgets to add that one of the aforesaid "sons" publicly declared, on more than one occasion, that the idiotic course pursued by a certain newspaper which championed his cause and expected to reap its reward in the way of official advertising, did him more harm than all the influence brought to bear against him by the opposition. Of course we don't pretend to say that the gentleman in question didn't find fault with other "men and newspapers," but that he made use of the above language, or words to that effect, and that neither the *Democrat* nor FREEMAN was the subject of conversation at the time, we are amply able to prove.

—William Mills, a young man who resides in Altoona, but does business in Blair and adjoining counties for the Singer sewing machine company, was thrown from a fractious horse, which fell upon him, near Walters' mill, in White township, this county, on Saturday last, and had two of his ribs fractured and one of his legs badly bruised. He succeeded, however, in remounting his horse, and after attending to his business returned to Altoona, where he is now under the care of a doctor.

—The proprietor of the White Hall (Altoona) hotel, lately purchased a horse from a Cambria county man, whose name is not given, and paid the owner $5 to seal the contract. The buyer told the seller of the horse to bring him to the White Hall on Friday last, which he did. Then the proprietor, Hite by name, refused to stand by his contract and wanted his five dollars back; but as that is not the way that such things are done up in Cambria, the owner refused to comply with the request and demanded a fulfilment of the contract. Hite was stubborn and refused, whereupon the Cambria man mounted his horse and started for home, having the expenses and trouble about made whole by the five dollars.

—Mr. Joseph Vancomer, of Reade township, who is unquestionably one of the most successful lumbermen on the Allegheny mountains, has recently completed a log slide, six and one-half miles in length, which is said by such experienced in the business to be the most substantial and most extensive ever erected in the Pennsylvania lumber regions. He has also about two million feet of logs cut, skidded and piled ready to be run on to this slide and shoved into Clearfield creek as soon as there is sufficient snow for the purpose. In addition to all this, Mr. Vancomer has a large contract on the headwaters of Powell Run, where he has built a large splash dam for the purpose of driving out said timber. He proposes putting in five million feet, about a million and a-half of which are already in the run.

—As we still send 106 copies of the FREEMAN to Carrolltown, 28 to St. Nicholas, 14 to St. Lawrence, 7 to St. Boniface, 48 to St. Augustine, 37 to Chest Springs, 79 to Loretto, 12 to Munster, 77 to Altoona, 40 to Gallitzin, 17 to Cresson, 21 to Summitville, 30 to Lilly's, 14 to Portage, 22 to Wilmore, 12 to Summerhill, 12 to Conemaugh, and 46 to Johnstown, besides circulating 121 copies in and about Ebensburg, to say nothing of other points in the county, and as we never advertise for Altoona merchants or any one else at one-third, or even two-thirds, our published rates, we are curious to know what paper in Cambria county the Carrolltown *News* had in its mind's eye when it attempted to boost up its palpable falsehood about having "a circulation north of the pike double that of any paper sent to Northern Cambria."

—We put our paper to press this week one day earlier than usual, in order to bridge over Christmas, but are still a little too late to announce the full excursion programme on the Pa. R. R., though not yet too late to say that excursion tickets can be bought on the 24th, 30th and 31st of December, and on the 1st of January, at any station along the main line or branches, and all such tickets will be good to return on until January 3d. No half excursion tickets will be sold, nor will any person be permitted to stop off while en route. Conductors will be allowed to sell excursion tickets only from points where there are no ticket offices. By the way, it has often been a source of wonder to us that the Pa. R. R. Co. don't inform the newspapers a couple of weeks in advance of holiday and other regular excursions, so that the fact may be more generally advertised than it now is.

A SPLENDID BODY is a rarity, and the reason that few men and women reach this standard, is that they neglect themselves and fall into decline. Some simple troubles of the blood, lungs, nerves, liver, stomach, kidneys, or genital organs develops into a chronic character. The effect is soon observable in appearance and feelings of the loveliest woman and the handsomest man. "It is never to late to mend," however, if Sandaline is used. The dyspeptic is cured of all trouble. The nervous debilitated is soothed. The victim of liver copplaint, kidney affections, or blood disorders, is thoroughly restored. All those who have become affected with painful complaints, find in Sandaline a remedy. Sandaline Hair Life makes the hair soft and glossy, and prevents baldness. Will do just as recommended, used as directed, or money refunded. Price $1. Ask your druggest.—Athanasia, Dec. 19, '78. Dr Geomod, 5 West 14th St., N. Y.: About fifteen years ago I was unfortunate enough to get sick, and through mismanagement it became constitutional. I then was long troubled with eruptions on my chest, a kind of dry scaly scab, also lumps on different parts of my body. My hair all came out, and I was generally dilapidated. I tried various physicians, visited the hot springs and other places, but found to relief. Sandaline, Sandaline Hair Life and Sandaline Lotion have made a new man of me, and you may use this as you please V. S. Hutton.—Dr. Gounod's great medical work, full of interest, over 250 pages. Price $1. Send for it.

A WICKED STORY.—Some malicious person has started the rumor, and it has, of course, as such reports do, spread very extensively, that Mrs. Thomas Woods died of the medicine which resulted in her death for the purpose of relieving herself of the burden of an unborn child. Dr. T. J. Christy, the physician who made the post mortem examination for the coroner's inquest, informs us that there was not the slightest foundation for the rumor, and, further, that the medicine which the lady took had no properties which bring about such a result. The story is a very distressing one to the family of the lady, of whom all her acquaintances speak very highly, and has caused them much sorrow and pain. Hanging is too easy a death for the wretches who so delight in scandal that they would become the authors of an unfounded rumor of such a character. Let the dead rest in peace.—*Altoona Call.*

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.—The January number of BALLOU'S MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE is a marvel of beauty and goodness filled to repletion with the best of engravings, stories, poems, and essays,—a remarkable combination of all that a first-class magazine should contain. The new type and new form of the magazine are aiding it to force its way right direct into the hearts of the people; and when it has secured a lodgement there it will remain, for no one can read it and not like it. It is a library in itself, and yet the price is only 15 cents a copy, $1.50 per annum, postpaid. This is cheap; yet the material is first-class in every respect. Published by Thomes & Talbot, 29 Hawley street, Boston, Mass., $1.50 per annum, postpaid, and for sale at all the news depots in the country.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.—The current issue of the Johnstown *Democrat* tells the following sad story:

On Christmas day Mr. William Trefts and Miss Mary Ann Fender, both of the Fourth ward, were to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, but death has made his appearance, and by his inexorable demands has destroyed the expected bargain. She, who to-morrow was to be a happy bride, will be dressed in her wedding garments for a shroud, and laid away in the cold and silent dark and gloomy grave, and the clods of cold valley will cover her remains from the light of day or the sight of loving eyes. Miss Fender had been preparing for her wedding for some time, but a few days ago she was taken ill, and early Monday morning death claimed her for his own.

OH, the changes will follow the years as they go, and shadows must mingle with sunlight, we know, the flowers we gather will wither at last; the songs we are singing be lost in the past; but that is no reason, nor none can be guessed, why people with money shouldn't straightway invest in an excursion ticket to Altoona, where they can save more than enough to pay their expenses by buying a pair or two of boots or shoes at the Great Eastern Boot and Shoe House of C. Blumenthal, 119 Eleventh avenue, and where they may depend upon getting the best made and best fitting goods of the kind in the market.

A QUEER WINTER.—How streaked and striped the weather has been, with snow falls and rain falls and sunshine between, making in all the queerest winter we have had for years. Of course, is just what we mean. But where's the great difference so long as we know that for the best kind of clothing the right place to go is to the store kept by D. Wolf, who in Altoona will duly and warrants every garment he offers to sell, which, coupled with the fact that his prices are low, should induce all who need clothing straightway to go—to his store, Eleventh avenue, next door to the postoffice, Altoona, Pa.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—There ain't much difference, if any, between a shyster and a ride in a sleigh, provided you have lots of tinkling bells and not more than one of the other kind of belles, but there is a vast difference between going and shoddy garments, between exorbitant prices and moderate charges, and the man who wants to find out the difference to his own advantage, when he puts himself inside of new duggery, will not forget to make a bee line for Jas. T. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown.

LOVE may die and hatred slumber, joy and grief alike may mould, but the heart still asks the question, where is the cheapest clothing sold? And until the Ethiope shall change for white his dusky hue, and until the spotted leopard's bee line for a pink or blue, human hearts will ask the question, and thus the answer prompt and true: When you want the best of made-up clothing Simon & Bendheim are the men for you. Store on Eleventh avenue, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, Pa.

—We have only space this week to invite attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Griffith & Wedge, manufacturers of portable and stationary engines, sawmills and boilers, Zanesville, Ohio, of whom we shall have more to say in our next issue.

[*Not entered, etc. No rights reserved.*]

SKETCHES
—OF—
PIONEER LIFE on the ALLEGHENIES.

FIFTEENTH PAPER.

In the last sketch I promised to spin out a continuation of the "weird stories of the mountains," and as time and opportunity are auspicious, I shall proceed to do so.

Not far from Buck's Mill there is a farm, as before stated, which seems to be the chozen *rendezvous*—and local tradition is our author—of Indian shades which frequently manifest their presence to their white successors in various ways.

As was also mentioned in the last sketch, the Indian "spooks" manifested their presence, even inside the dwelling-house to the startled observers by various ghostly trickery, obviously to the senses. After the folks had gone to bed for the night, a weird flickering presence could be discerned flitting before the dim light of the dying embers in the fire-place. This was no uncommon occurrence with the good people and usage had rendered them calm spectators of the ghostly visitor. Sometimes during the lone hours of the silent night the awed listeners would distinctly hear a strange rattling noise, as though grains of corn were being gradually dropped by handfuls on the floor from above. It is strange how people could remain and even sleep in a house where such ghostly scenes were being enacted, but the good people of the house would view and listen to these things and fall asleep while doing so. From this same house a young girl had gone to a neighbor's in the morning to help them with their corn-husking. She lingered all day and was returning home in the twilight gloaming, humming a tune to beguile time away. When within about half a mile of home, while coming along the lane in the covering shadows, she perceived an absence something, half visible and half undefined, rolling noiselessly along the dark lane before her. It seemed like a half-invisible, transparent substance without definite shape, and it increased in volume as it advanced till it seemed to fill the lane before her. Suddenly, while turning a sharp angle in the road, the undefined something took across the fence into the fields, and up a huge pine-tree, which it illumined, in a lurid blaze, and then moved altogether. Bear in mind that this appeared in the self-same above described "spook" haunted locality. There are weird and lonely spots, as described by the settlers, where at night a horse will shy and scare without any apparent cause whatever; and there is a road near a certain town in this county where horses and rider have been suddenly stopped by unseen hands—yes, stopped in the darkness and led aside from the road by the ghostly highwaymen! Others have felt a vague fear creeping over them while passing this spot in the shades of night, their hair even bristling up and raising their hats off their heads, while the frightened beast would start back and snort, refusing to go on for a time.

They say that beasts can sometimes perceive what man cannot; and *apropos* to this point, I will relate a story concerning canine perspicacity in this regard. There was an old miner left up where a workman had one time been crunched up among the wheels, and his spirit was still said to haunt the place. One night the man experienced an undefined fear creeping over him—his hat literally raising upon his head. As the dog left him the vague terror increased. He came to a bridge, spanning a running brook, when the fear instantly forsook him and he was entirely himself again. The dog, having made a angle around, came trisking up again, when all went on as before. The dog's conduct was very strange, inasmuch as he evinced such abject fear—tucking his tail under him like the vilest whipped cur. Now the dog would not scare at anything human—that was self-evident—especially at night, when his canine instinct for guarding was commonly most active. It is just as plain that he would not scare at any beast. What, then, frightened the animal? Beasts do not scare at imaginary nothings.

I shall next relate a still stranger experience or ghostly encounter. A little curly headed toddler, while playing about the room, had fallen against a bench and hurt his head pretty severely. At night the hurt of the bruise still kept her awake, and about midnight she grew so restless that nothing could be done to soothe her. As a last resort, the father started for a certain granny, which was about three miles distant, while the road was very lonesome, the night being as "dark as pitch." All went well on the way there, but as the man was returning with things calculated to soothe the troubled baby he was to undergo a strange experience. As was before remarked, the night was as dark as Egypt and there was not a neighbor's house on the lonesome homeward course. When about midway on the road home, the night traveler thought he distinguished a faint sound like the very distant trot of a horse, borne softly on the fluctuating night breeze. Nearer and nearer came the sound—on, on, through the deep gloom—till at last the clattering pace of the viewless steed grew so distinct that the man turned to catch a glimpse of his approach. Still nearer, still louder, grew the ghostly clatter, till at last the startled traveler stepped aside to give the weird pass-age. There was an iron gate in the stone wall just here, and to the extreme horror and almost stupefaction of the trembling listener, the ghostly steed crashed through the iron gate with a hideous and deafening peal, and instantly all was dead silence. The startled and trembling witness of the strange occurrence never dared look back to see the iron gate and inspect it, surmising by the sound that it was shattered to atoms, but the strong iron structure was whole and intact, and stanched as ever under the shock. Seeing this, a mortal terror seized the man, and he started immediately on the road home, while the cold perspiration rained from his face. He got home without further adventure, but he was not quite himself again for a few weeks.

They say that those who are born on Christmas Eve can see more than others, and it may well be so, for Shakespeare, you know says: "There are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Another experience, which has never before seen print, we will next week relate.

This same man who heard the ghostly crash at the iron gate preceded his family of a wife and five children to the "land of Canada," Atlantic, to seek a home in this wide land of liberty—this haven of rest beyond the great waters. When he arrived in the New World he found a home with a family which had become "Americanized and Yankeefied" and, withal, quite prosperous. While snugly tucked in blankets one morning early, before crack of day, a strong hand struck him on the shoulder, exclaiming at the same time: "The Saranse is coming up the river." Aroused at once by the suddenness of the blow and the distinctness of the voice, the man jumped, and his first thought flew into his clothes, startled and somewhat hopeful at the strangely-conveyed news. At breakfast he related his experience to his kindfolk who ridiculed him for his pains. Nothing daunted, however, he sallied out immediately after breakfast and headed directly for the Delaware, where he found a vessel, by providential fortune, ready to put out on to a wharf. Here, seeing a vessel lying, with men busily working about, he stepped aboard and commenced looking around for a coming ship. The mate of the vessel soon spied and demanded rather roughly if he couldn't see the notice forbidding any one to come aboard. Making an excuse for his unwitting intrusion, the eager vessel-seeker informed the sailor of the object of his quest—namely, to see if the "*Saranse was coming up the river.*" "Don't you see her there?" inquired the sailor, stretching out his hand and pointing down the river. And, sure enough, there was the "Saranse" standing gallantly up the channel in the direction of the observers. But a short time passed before the man had his joyful little family gathered around him on *terra firma*, and happy was the meeting after their long and eventful voyage over the vast depths of the white ocean.

It is proper to say that most of the actors in this little sketch are still living, which attests the truth of what has been here stated. The wonder of the affair consists in the facts of the man's being struck on the shoulder and awoke out of a sound sleep—being correctly informed of the approach of the Saranse up the river—conversing with his kinsfolk about it at breakfast—and having the self-same vessel pointed out to him by the sailor as she really approached in full sight.

Now, as the man mentioned the vision, or whatever it might be called, before he started out on his doubtful quest, there can be no doubt as to his veracity, or misgivings on account of his memory.

We shall next recount a strange occurrence which happened not seven miles from Loretto.

A young miss had been over to the village store for some necessary articles and was returning home in the dusk of the evening. On approaching "the cork of the road," about half a mile from the village, she met a lady in black, with a large book open before her, walking with a slow and stately step and apparently perusing the volume before her. The girl brushed clothes with the mysterious lady, and as soon as she passed our informant raised the basket before her. Judge of her horror when she saw nothing at all before her eyes save the woods on each side of the road. Lady, book and all had vanished within the time it took for her to turn round. Now this happened in the plain, open road, where no one could hide if so disposed, and they hadn't time to reach the woods before the observer turned to look. Moreover, that very spot had an established reputation for being haunted, and at a certain hour in the evening, any one passing would be sure to hear a mysterious sound, as of a heavy piece of bark falling from a high tree. This same spot was reached by the girl in safety.

At another time a man well known in the neighborhood was returning from work in the shadows of the evening—coming fields and passing the woods on a "near-cut" across the country. He had reached a hollow in the fields where hills arose on all sides, gloaming on the dim horizon. Judge of his feelings when there suddenly arose from the ground, a conglomerated, fleecy bundle, as of wool, rolling slowly on ahead of him. This appearance moved and tumbled in the dim starlight for a while, freezing the blood of the beholder with terror in that lonesome spot. Presently the weird appearance disappeared and faded from view as quickly as it had arisen, and the horrified and benighted pedestrian saw no more of his ghostly escort.

A goodly number of these weird stories still remain in the mental store-house, all ready to be brought to light occasionally, as the opportunity offers.

Show me the man who would not read a "ghost-story" and I will show you a human who is defective in one respect at least. A. D. H.

LORETTO, Dec. 19, 1879.

Five Hundred Thousand Strong.

In the past few months there has been more than 500,000 bottles of **Shiloh's Cure sold.** Out of the whole number sold, people living in Altoona have than 2,000 persons afflicted with **Consumption** have been cured. All Coughs, Croup, Asthma and Bronchitis yield at once; hence it is that everybody speaks in the highest terms of it. Those who have not used it, let us say: If you have a Cough, or your child the Croup, and you value life, don't fail to try it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by R. J. Lloyd, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [9-12,'79.—e.o.w.6m.]

Strange People.

Do you know that there are strange people in our community? We say strange, because they seem willing to suffer and pass their days miserably—made so by Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Constipation, or General Debility—when SHILOH'S VITALIZER is guaranteed to cure them. Sold by R. J. Lloyd, Ebensburg.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and a sweet breath. Price, 50 cts. Sold by R. J. Lloyd, Ebensburg. [9-12.—e.o.w.6m.]

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 22, 1879.

EDITOR FREEMAN.—There has been a very large gathering here of prominent Republicans, members of the National Committee and others intent upon securing some advantage for their respective favorite in the Presidential race. The only candidates talked of were Grant, Blaine and Sherman, and in the order above named. Don Cameron was interviewed before the assembling of the Committee and expressed his confidence that he would surely be elected Chairman, which he was by two majority. At the same time he stated that neither of the candidates would receive any advantage over the other by reason of his election. There are all sorts of opinions expressed concerning the special significance of his election, many being outspoken in the belief that he will exert his influence as chairman in favor of Grant, whilst others say that he will work quietly but efficiently for his father-in-law, Secretary Sherman. Don is well known here as a bold, unscrupulous politician of the worst and most dangerous machine type, and his election means a vigorous campaign, with heavy political assessments upon the federal office-holders, supplemented by plenty of aid from the great corporations of the country. Of OLE thing rest assured, should he be designated hereafter as Chairman of the National Republican Convention he will do everything that can be done, not only to elect the Republican electoral ticket in Pennsylvania, but also to increase his political favor in that State. Hale, who was Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee in the 1878 campaign, used more than one-tenth of the Committee's corruption fund in Maine. Cameron would not scruple to use the same place to filter the money of the Committee in Pennsylvania.

There is some alarm manifested here at the Republicans should make use of their control of the Legislatures controlled by them in the so-called doubtful States to elect their electoral tickets, and rely upon their strength in the stalwart States to counterbalance any advantage that may accrue to the election out of the hands of the people. It has been ascertained that this was the programme agreed upon here *before the Ohio election*, and as evidence of this it is shown that they made herculean efforts with lavish use of money to carry both branches of the Legislature. The more timid and conservative, or so-called "Independent" Republicans, are loud in their denunciation of this programme, but the men in office and those who control the machine say that it is necessary to perform this new outrage against the ballot in order to "save the country." Several leading Republican newspapers in New York City are out in articles opposing the scheme.

The National Democratic Committee will meet on the 23d of February to name the day and place of holding the next Democratic National Convention. Pending this meeting speculation is rife as to who will be the candidate of the party for President. The only persons now prominently mentioned are Seymour, Hancock and Bayard. Judging from the opinions one hears expressed by nearly every earnest Democrat, the convention will select the candidate who may be considered the strongest. Until quite recently the name of Seymour was upon every man's lips, but the boom which seemed to promise unanimity and enthusiasm has disappeared under the microscopic eyes of searching politicians. I was handed yesterday a printed slip containing the figures of the New York election of 1867, when Seymour was elected, and the City Committee of

DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

BY FATHER A. J. RYAN.

Walketh a woman, "Oh! my God!"
A breaking heart in a broken breath—
A hopeless cry o'er her heart-hope's death!
Can words catch the chords of the winds that wail
When love's last lily lies dead in the vale?
Let her alone
Under the rod
With the infinite moan
Of her soul for God.
Ah song! you may echo the sound of pain,
But you never may shrine,
In verse or line,
The parg of the heart that breaks in twain.

Walketh a woman, "Oh! my God!"
Wind-driven waves with no hearts that ache,
Why do your passionate pulses throb?
No lips that speak, have ye souls that sob?
We carry the cross, ye wear the crest,
We have our God, and ye your shore,
Whither ye rush in the storm to rest;
We have the haven of holy prayer—
And we have Hope—have ye despair?
For storm-rocked waves ye break evermore,
Adown the shores and along the years,
In the whitest foam of the saddest tears,
And we, as ye, oh! waves, gray waves!
Drift over a sea more deep and wide,
For we have sorrow and we have death,
And ye have only the tempest's breath,
But we have God when heart oppressed,
As a calm and beautiful shore of rest.

Oh, waves! sail waves! how you flowed between
The crownless Prince and the exiled Queen!

Walketh a woman, "Oh! my God!"
Her hopes are withered, her heart is crushed,
For the Love of her love is cold and dead—
The Joy of her joy hath forever fled;
A sadness and pitiless night hath rushed
On the Light of her life, and, far away,
In an Afric wild, lies her poor dead child—
Lies the Heart of her heart—let her alone,
Under the rod,
With her infinite moan,
Oh! my God!
He was beautiful, pure and brave;
The brightest grace
Of a royal race;
Only his throne is but a grave;
Is there fate in fames?
Is there doom in names?
Ah! what did the cruel Zulu spears
Care for the Prince or his mother's tears?
What did the Zulu's ruthless lance
Care for the Hope of the future France?

Crieth the Empress, "Oh! my son!"
He was her own and her only one:
She had nothing to give him but her love;
'Twas kingdom enough on earth—Above
She gave him an infinite faith in God:—
Let her cry—her cry
Over her own and only one;
All the glory is gone, is gone
Into her broken-hearted sigh.

Moaneth a mother, "Oh! my child!"
And who can sound that depth of woe?
Homeless, thronsless, crownless, now
She bows her sorrow-wreathed brow,
(So Fame and the grantleurs go.)
Let her alone,
Beneath the rod,
With her infinite moan,
Oh! my God!

A WONDERFUL KENTUCKIAN.

THE EXTRAORDINARY POWERS OF PROFESSOR FIELDS—HIS FEATS OF TIME AND FIGURES.

At Moorefield, Ky., says a Cincinnati *Times* correspondent, an interview was had with John Robinson, a clever farmer, whose wife is a cousin to a remarkable character whose name is Reuben Fields—"Professor Fields, the Seventh Wonder," he calls himself—and truly he is a wonder, a show, a "What is it?" as the following will abundantly testify:

"Professor" Fields was born near Wyoming, Bath county, twenty-eight years ago, and never went to school but one day in his life, and on that day carried with him an old tea-kettle filled with snakes caught with his own hands, and when the teacher attempted to fling him into the school room, threw the snakes at him one by one from the kettle until he broke up the school for that day, and never returned again. He heartily condemned the idea of schools and school children all his days up to the present, and now rebukes all school children for going, saying that they are "fools for going to school to lose what little knowledge they inherited by nature." Fields has developed in the course of a natural gift—that of being a mathematician whose equal is unparalleled. In fact, he is the wonder of the little portion of the world and the few rural scientists with whom he has come in contact. It is positively asserted by those who have known him from childhood that he doesn't know a figure or even the numbers on a clock dial, or even a letter of the alphabet, and yet he can instantly and correctly complete any mathematical problem read aloud to him, even giving the answer to the lowest decimal fraction. He has been tried on as much as two pages of invoice on foolscap, of mercantile goods of every description, and on the last line of goods and figures being read instantly gave the right answer, and even commenced at the last line and in reverse totaled repeated every word, article and figure of the entire invoice to a dot. He never works at any other trade than that of running up invoices and making other mathematical calculations. The "professor," besides being possessed of an unseen and unaccountable world of figures in his mind and the key to all mathematical problems, the solving of which requires but an instantaneous flash of the mind, accompanied by a quick closing of the eyes and twitching of the muscles of the face, as if in great agony momentarily, also carries in his mind a perpetual and never-varying clock dial, and can give the correct "sun" time to a second by a watch in another pocket, never looking at a watch or clock. He frequently tells persons the difference between their time and that of the sun. He has been frequently asked the time by certain clocks and watches out of sight, and has never missed giving a correct answer. The "professor" has so nonplussed conductors by telling them the exact time by the watches in their pockets, and in his peculiar manner of interesting them in his unique history, that he has frequently made almost the entire trip from Kentucky to Kansas, where his mother now resides, free of charge, the conductors becoming so interested in him that they would almost invariably forget to collect his fare. Fields claims that he is a sealed seventh wonder, in the possession of a gift which could easily be taken away from him, and through fear, therefore, refuses to receive medical treatment for epilepsy, with which he is afflicted, but sometimes speaks of being willing to receive treatment from a "faith" doctor with whom he claims to be acquainted, and who lives in the mountains of Kentucky. Fields is also possessed of another gift almost equally marvelous, viz., that of handling snakes of all kinds, including the rattle, the copperhead, garter, racer, etc., and never was known to have been bitten. He also holds power over all ferocious dogs—having gone once into the yard of James Tipton, of Moorefield, where a most ferocious bulldog held sway unmolested.—The dog reared up on him and played with him as he had never done with any member even of the home family. He has also been known to have fondled with the heels and hind legs of bad kicking horses and mules, and never been hurt. "Professor" Fields is a bachelor who never intends to marry, weighs 206 pounds, has red whiskers, and has a small, "gray eye of destiny," and says he can give no explanation of his wonderful gift save that it is a gift similar to that of Blind Tom. Fields is naturally of a sullen disposition, refuses to be interviewed, for fear others will learn of him, seldom permits an acquaintance to be formed with any one. The stage-driver, Mr. McClelland Tully, informed the *Times* that he succeeded in forming the acquaintance of the "professor" by approaching him with a checker board—he having a special gift or charm for the game, which he delights in and sees all thro' at a glance. Mr. Robinson says he considers himself a first-class checker player, but that Fields beat him seventy-three games out of seventy-five at one sitting, and that Fields only gave him the two games just to encourage him to play.

This peculiar character, who is indeed the greatest wonder of the age, refused several good offers to go into the show business, and claims that no amount of money would induce him to thus degrade himself and "lose his charmed gift." He is now sojourning at Wyoming, Bath county, frequently visits Mr. Robinson's family near Moorefield, and is known by hundreds of the best citizens in Bath and Nicholas counties.

THE FEEDING VALUE OF POTATOES.—Henry Stewart, of New York, says it is purely certain that potatoes are worth 25 cents a bushel to feed to hogs, cows, or horses.—They contain 15 or 16 per cent. of starch and some albuminoids; 325 pounds of starch are worth 1 pound of fat or oil for feeding.—Potatoes are cheaper for stock food at 25 cts a bushel than cottonseed meal is at $25 a ton. As a raw starch is only partially digested in an animal's stomach, potatoes ought to be cooked. If it will pay to cook anything it will pay to cook potatoes.

A BRIEF speech—A lawyer's plea.

Y Y OO U UNN N GGG A MM MM MEEEE RRRR H H CC A
Y Y O O U UNN N G G AA MM MM ME R R H H C C AA
Y Y O O U UNN N G AA M M M ME R R H H C AA
Y O O U UNN N G AAA M M M MEE RRRR H H C AAA
Y O O U UNN N G A A M M ME R R H H C A A
Y O O U U N NN G GG A A M M ME R R H H C C A A
Y OO UU N NN GGG A A M M MEEEER R H H CC A A

STILL LEADS THE VAN!

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

Young America Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

READ THE NEW PRICE LIST

—OF—

Fall and Winter Goods

—AT THE—

BIG "BOSS" CLOTHING HOUSE

OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA!

WE SNATCHED THESE

GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!

THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!

A TERRIBLE PANIC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FULL WING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Good Working Suit for that others sell for $5.00.	$ 7.25	A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for that others sell for $18.00.	$10.00
A Man's Good Warm Suit for that others sell for $6.00.	4.00	A Man's Good Warm Coat for that others sell for $2.25.	1.50
A Man's Good Warm Suit for that others sell for $7.00.	5.00	A Man's Good Working Pants for that others sell for 21.00.	75c.
A Man's Good Business Suit for that others sell for $9.00.	7.00	A Man's Good Dress Shirt for that others sell for 75c.	50c.
A Man's Extra Good Business Suits for that others sell for $14.00.	9.00	A Man's Good Hat for that others sell for 50c.	38c.
A Man's Good Dress Suit for that others sell for $18.00.	12.00	A Boy's Good Hat for that others sell for 40c.	25c.
A Man's Extra Good Dress Suit for that others sell for $25.00.	18.00	A Child's Suit, from 5 to 9 years, (the child, not the suit,) for that others sell for $3.50.	2.25
A Man's Good Overcoat for that others sell for $3.50.	2.50	A Boy's Good Suit, from 9 to 12 years, (the boy, not the suit,) for that others sell for $4.50.	3.00
A Man's Good Overcoat for that others sell for $5.00.	3.00	A Man's Good Underclothing for that others sell for 75c.	40c.
A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for that others sell for $11.50.	8.00		

DON'T INVEST YOUR MONEY IN CLOTHING

Before you examine the above priced Goods at the

Young America Clothing House,

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

Sept. 26, 1879.-7m. ALTOONA, PA.

NINETY-FIVE PER CENT. STERLING

RUBBER BOOT.

Made to supply the popular demand for an All-Rubber Boot, and as pure as can be made. Upper and leg double thickness of Rubber, too fibre or grain of which is visible in any part. Unlike those of the inferior or so-called "Sterling" made in part of cotton, which rot and crack, besides chafing the feet and ankles, and wearing out the stockings. All this is obviated by the Double Upper and Leg. The bottoms are of Solid Rubber, half inch thick, and not filled with Rags, like common Rubber Boots. In the cut below, the black part marked "Solid Rubber Filling," in ordinary Rubber Boots is made of ground-up scraps of cloth, and is neither durable nor water-proof; but in the "Ninety-Five Per Cent. Sterling Boot," wherein top and sole are worn through, a third sole—all solid rubber—presents itself, and gives 100 per cent. additional wear, without increase of bulk or weight. These soles will outwear several pairs of common Rubber Boots.

Warranted Three Months,

and that there may be no question as to the time, the patent binding, as seen in cut, provides a space for every day, month and year, so that the retail dealer when making a sale, can punch out the date thereof, and the boots will in themselves bear permanent record of that date. (See warrant in large circular.) Every Boot bears the warrant in Rubber letters on the leg.

Although seemingly high priced, are more economical than a Boot of less cost, and with proper care will render good service from Fall until Spring.

The Poor Man's Boot.

FOR SALE BY

S. BLUMENTHAL,

1119 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

SIX CORD SEMPLE'S SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON

ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, Paris, 1878 AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876, As being "Very STRONG, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD."

TRY IT S.F.T. ESTABLISHED 1836.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING

MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J. STUART & BRO LIMITED, AGENTS, N.Y.

MEDALS AWARDED | PARIS, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK & BOSTON.

SOFT FINISH

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN

—ON THE SUBJECT OF—

Cheap Groceries!

By reading the advertisements, circulars, price-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to

F. P. CONFER'S

MODEL GROCERY STORE!

1324 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,

And "confer" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in that city, consisting everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., but can and does sell at prices fully as cheap if not a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.

☞ Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria county and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house. F. P. CONFER.

Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre Street. [1-21-78.-tf.]

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & Co., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

J. A. MAHER, Lilly, Pa.,

CASH DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Clothing,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Notions,

AND ALL OTHER KIND OF

STAPLE GOODS

usually kept in a first class country store.

Everything Sold as CHEAP FOR CASH

as at any other establishment in or out of the county, and country produce taken in exchange for merchandise at cash prices. The patronage of everybody wishing to get full value for their money is earnestly and respectfully solicited.

J. A. MAHER.

Lilly, Cambria Co., Pa., Sept. 12, 1878.-tf.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 25, 1879.-1y.*

FRESH EGGS DURING WINTER.

How to secure eggs during the winter season is again the anxious query of young and inexperienced poultry growers. It is estimated that 45,000,000 dozen eggs are consumed daily in the United States, New York alone appropriating 40,000,000 dozens annually. Such figures as these naturally incline everybody owning poultry yards to consider the way and means by which the greatest number of eggs shall be gained.

The production of eggs during cold weather is largely under the control of the one who has charge of the fowls. Hens supplied with warm and comfortable quarters and an abundance of suitable food as a rule reward the owner with a bountiful supply of eggs. In connection with liberal care should be observed the ages of fowls. Geyehn and other scientists who have looked into the matter state, and Prof. Miles quotes the following proportion as applicable to the average of poultry: "First year after hatching, 15 to 20 eggs; second year 100 to 120; third year, 120 to 135; and the fourth year after hatching 100 to 115 eggs, after which there is a visible decrease, the fifth year being accorded only 60 to 80 eggs.

Fowls require a variety of food. Corn fed alone tends to the production of fats, not the production of eggs. Wright, in his book of poultry, places finely ground oats, thoroughly moistened, but not made into a slop, at the head of the list as the standard food for poultry. He furthermore recommends the mixing of all soft food, with boiling water and feeding of it while it yet is warm. Of the whole grains he gives buckwheat the preference, and next to this he advises fresh barley. Laying hens should also have a liberal supply in the way of vegetables and any green food obtainable. Scraps of meat chopped fine and mixed with bits of food may be further varied by using wheat screenings or middlings and shorts mixed and wet with water.

Burnt bones or oyster shells or bits of pounded lime, mortar and gravel must be regularly furnished. These substances prevent the occurance of soft-shelled eggs and are relished by the hens. A box of dry ashes placed where it is always accessible insures freedom from vermin.

In climates where the weather is mild and the hens are allowed to run at large they are not cut off from their usual supplies and will generally lay well without any special aid, but the directions given are very necessary elsewhere. At all times and under all circumstances plenty of clean water should be provided.

To present the matter in a nutshell, furnish suitable accommodations, obtain and keep excellent breeds, feed as great a variety of diet as possible, and feed them as much as they will eat—a hungry hen will not be a laying hen. In very cold weather add a little cayenne pepper to the morning ration, which should be made neither too wet nor given too hot. Supply plenty of water and observe regularity in feeding and also in gathering the eggs.

AN ASTRONOMICAL FACT.—Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an age of fifty years they both died, also at the same place and at the same moment, yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution runs upon a curious, but with a little reflection a very obvious point in circumnavigation. A person going around the world towards the west loses a day, and towards the east he gains one. Supposing, then, two persons born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage around the world may be performed in one year; if one perform this constantly towards the west, in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants, and if the other sail equally toward the west, in fifty years he will be as many days in advance of them. One, therefore, will have seen one hundred days more than the other, although they were born and died in the same place, and at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude and reckoned time by the same calendar.

INSTINCT OF WASPS.—The perfection of the operations of instinct is shown in the regulation of communities of animals. Here we see co-operation to produce results effected through an irrational, and, therefore, in some measure a blind instinct. This social instinct is most exemplified among the insect tribes, as for instance the bee and the wasp. The structures, resulting from the co-operation of multitudes of little laborers guided by this instinct, are very interesting. These insects make their building material from the fibres of old wood. These they convert by mastication into pulp, which, made into a thin layer, becomes firm like paper. It is indeed a process very much like the common process of paper-making, invented by man, and the first rude inventor may have got his idea from the insect. With this substance the wasps build several ranges of cells, which are hexagonal, like the cells in the comb of the bee.

REMARKABLE PIECE OF WOOD.—Mr. Thomas P. Crosby obtained what he considers quite a curiosity in cutting down a tree on the premises of Mr. Peter L. Egolf, in Pottstown. The tree was a silver maple, about a foot and a half in diameter above the ground, and from the centre of its trunk was obtained a stick about 44 feet in length and an inch in diameter, looking just as the tree did when it was quite small, many years ago, with knots on it showing plainly the marks made by the knife of the owner in trimming. It seemed exactly as if this stick, branch, or heart of the tree had stopped growing at a certain time, that a new tree had grown around it, leaving the original sapling standing loose in the centre of its wood. All who have examined the stick and the knife marks where it was trimmed pronounce it a wonderful growth indeed.

KEEPING APPLES.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* writes that he has tested the method suggested in agricultural papers of keeping apples all the year round by wrapping them in paper for two successive years, and finds it to be a perfect success. The plan pursued was to take old newspapers, cut them into pieces of sufficient size, and wrap each apple by itself and pack them carefully in boxes or barrels, so as to exclude the air. The variety selected was the Northern Spy, and this year, as late as the 14th of August, they were fresh and crisp, and he had no doubt they might have been kept much longer, had not the temptation to eat them been so strong.

MEASURING HAY.—To find the number of tons in long or square stacks, the following is the rule: Multiply the length in yards by the width in yards and that by half the altitude in yards and divide the product by 15. To find the number of tons in circular stacks: Multiply the square of the circumference in yards by four times the altitude in yards, and divide by 100. The quotient will be the number of cubic yards in the stack. Then divide by 15 to get the number of tons.—*Michigan Farmer.*

HOW TO KEEP BUCKWHEAT BATTER.—Keeping buckwheat bat er is sometimes very troublesome, especially in mild weather. The only way to keep it perfectly sweet is to pour cold water on that left from one morning to another. Fill the vessel entirely full of water, and put it in a cool place. When ready to use pour off the water, which absorbs the acidity.

HOME-MADE FOOD COOKERS.—I notice so many enquiries from correspondents in relation to steamers and food cookers that I am induced to give them how to make a cheap one, which I think will be found equal in economy and durability to many a more pretentious one. Get your carpenter to make a tank or vat of good sound pine plank, using lumber one foot wide, and of such dimensions as to hold from one to two barrels of water; on the bottom of this nail heavy galvanized iron and for economy of fuel have the tinner solder six inch pipe up through this about one foot from the rear end, and extending up somewhat higher than the water will come when it is filled; from this extend common stove pipe to any height you choose.

When this is completed set it on the top of brick or stone work laid in mortar, forming a fire box the whole length of the tank. Your smoke stack is already completed in the pipe running through the bottom. Some two feet from the front end of the fire box I would build a bridge coming nearly up to the bottom of the tank, so as to confine the flames nearer to the heating surface, and do not make the fire box too high, for much of the heat is lost in this way, (from fourteen to sixteen inches is sufficient for height.) For convenience in drawing off the hot water put in a good sized faucet near the bottom on one side or back end. A barrel half full of meal filled up with boiling water and covered tightly for six or eight hours will be found on opening again to be cooked sufficient for all purposes of feeding.

The whole cost of a boiler of this kind need not exceed five dollars, can be built out of doors or in one corner of the hog house with no more danger than an ordinary stove, and from the large amount of heating surface exposed to the fire, only a small amount of wood is required. I have had one of this kind in use for a number of years and would not exchange it for some of the patent steamers which have been so short lived in this section. The one I have is my own make and original with me, and I give my experience to others who may wish to try something without a patent attached to it.—*Western Rural.*

EFFECT OF KEEPING FLOUR IN BARRELS.—As is well known, flour kept in barrels for a long time often acquires a peculiar odor, supposed to be derived from the barrel. Poleck, of Silesia, has lately made a careful examination of such flour, and has ascertained that this smell actually indicates an incipient decomposition prejudicial to good bread making, the gluten of the flour having in part became changed into a soluble body. Thus, while sound flour preserved in sacks contained 11 06 per cent. of gluten and 1 44 per cent of soluble albuminous matter, four other specimens of flour taken from different barrels were severally composed of 8 37 per cent. gluten to 2 14 per cent. soluble albumen; 7 40 per cent. to 6 90 per cent. 7 23 per cent, to 4 44 per cent. and 6 54 per cent, to 6 46 per cent. Two samples with more than 6 per cent of soluble matter had an acid reaction, while the others are neutral. Prof. Poleck believes this chemical change of the flour to be induced by the fact that the barrel prevents communication with the atmospheric air and the equalization of temperature. This view is confirmed by the oft repeated observation that flour kept in sacks keeps fresh for a much longer time, and that the mustiness in barrels always develops first and exists in the highest degree in the center, viz., that portion most remote from the outer air.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!

40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC

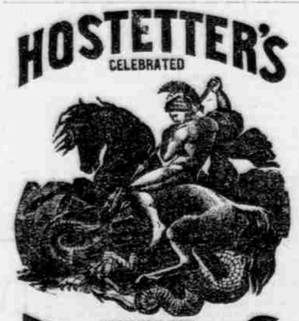
Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy NOW in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint, constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

October 24, 1879.-1y.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

A stout backbone is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back and disorders of the liver and kidneys, the tonic and moderate diastetic action of the Bitters is the thing needful. Remember that the stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and that by invigorating the digestion by this preparation, the spinal column and all its dependencies are strengthened.

For Hostetter's ALMANAC for 1880 apply to Druggists and Dealers generally.

DR. M. R. B. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, having located in the office and residence owned and recently occupied by Dr. S. J. Calhaun, respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, and guarantees good work at honest prices. ☞A lady assistant will be in attendance whenever her services are required. ☜ Anesthetics carefully and safely administered when desired. The patronage of all in need of dental services is respectfully solicited. [5-30,'79.-tf.]

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN,

Surgeon Dentist,

WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the SECOND MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one day. All work warranted.

Feb. 28, 1879.-tf.

S. H. DECKER, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

LILLY'S, CAMBRIA CO., PA.,

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